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SONGS FROM NORTH CAROLINA¹

by

Mellinger Edward Henry and Maurice Matteson

BO LAMKIN

For additional variants and versions, see Davis, No. 26; Barry-Eckstorm-Smyth, p. 200; Campbell and Sharp, No. 23; *JAFL*, XXIX, 162; XLIV, 61; XIII, 117 (Newell); XXXV, 344 (Tolman and Eddy); Jones, p. 301 (a fragment); Henry, *Songs Sung in the Southern Appalachians*, p. 62; Matteson and Henry, *Beech Mountain Folk-Songs and Ballads*, p. 20; Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, No. 17; Mary O. Eddy, *Ballads and Songs from Ohio*, pp. 59-61.

The text was obtained from Mrs. Nathan Hicks, Rominger, North Carolina, in December, 1936.

Bo Lamkin was a fine a mason
That ever laid a stone.
He built a fine castle
And pay he got none.

He swore by his Maker
He'd kill them unknown:
"Beware of Bo Lamkin
When I am gone from home."

Bo Lamkin came to the castle
And knocked till it rung;
There was no one ready as the false nurse;
She arose and let him in.

"Where is the Landlord
Or is he at home?"
"No, sir, no, sir," said the false nurse,
"He's gone to Maryland to visit his son."

¹ Abbreviated references: *JAFL*, *Journal of American Folk-Lore*; COX, *Folk Songs of the South*, Cambridge, Mass., 1925; CAMPBELL AND SHARP, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, New York, 1914; POUND, *American Ballads and Songs*, New York, 1922; SHEARIN AND COMBS, *A Syllabus of Kentucky Folk-Songs* (*Transylvania Studies in English*, II), Lexington, 1911; BARRY-ECKSTORM-SMYTH, *British Ballads from Maine*, New Haven, 1929.

"Where is the Landlord lady?
Has she gone with him?"
"No, sir, no, sir," said the false nurse,
"She is upstairs sleeping."

"How will we get her down stairs
Such a dark night as this?"
"Stick pins and needles
In her little baby."

Bo Lamkin rocked the cradle
And the false nurse she seeing
While the tears and the red blood
From the cradle did run.

The lady coming downstairs
Not thinking no harm.
Bo Lamkin stands ready
And caught her in his arms.

"Bo Lamkin, Bo Lamkin,
Spare my life one day;
You can have as much gay gold
As your horse can pull away.

"Bo Lamkin, Bo Lamkin,
Spare my life one hour;
You can have my daughter, Betsy,
My own blooming flower."

"Keep your daughter, Betsy,
To go through a flood,
To scour out the silver basin
That catches your heart's blood."

Daughter Betsy was sitting
In the parlor so high;
She saw her father
Come riding hard by.

"Dear father, dear father,
Do you blame me
For what is done?

"The false nurse and Bo Lamkin
Has killed your baby.
The false nurse and Bo Lamkin
Has killed your lady."

Bo Lamkin was hung
To the gallows so high.
The false nurse was burned
To the stake standing by.

THE SHEFFIELD APPRENTICE

For additional texts and tunes, see Campbell and Sharp, 97; *JAFL*, XXVIII, 164; XLV, 51; Shearin, *Sewanee Review*, XIX, 320; Bradley Kincaid's *Favorite Old-Time Songs and Mountain Ballads*, Chicago, 1930, Book 3, 18; H. M. Belden, *Ballads and Songs from Missouri*, pp. 131-2.

Recorded by Mrs. Mellinger E. Henry from the singing of Mrs. Will Padgett, Black Mountain, North Carolina, July, 1934. The tune was recorded by Mr. Maurice Matteson. The words have been set to music by Dr. Charles G. Osgood.

I was brought up in Shef-field, Not of the high de-gree; My
 par-ents dot-ed on me; They had no child but me
 roll-ed in such plea-sure Just where my fancies led, Till
 I was bound a pren-tice, And then my joys were fled.

I was brought up in Sheffield,
 Not of the high degree;
 My parents doted on me;
 They had no child but me.

I rolled in such pleasure
 Just where my fancies led,
 Till I was bound a prentice
 And then my joys were fled.

I did not like my master;
 He did not treat me well;
 I formed a resolution
 Not long with him to dwell.

Against my parents' wishes
 From them I ran away
 And went away to London
 And cursed be the day.

A very rich young lady
 From Holland she was there;
 She offered me great wages
 To serve her for one year.

With wages and persuasions
 I then did agree
 To go and live in Holland
 And that's what ruined me.

I had not been in Holland
 Passed months but two or three
 Till my dear honored lady
 Grew very fond of me.

Her gold and her silver,
 Her houses and her lands,
 If I would consent to marry her,
 Would be at my command.

Says: "No, my dear lady,
 I cannot wed you both;
 For I have lately promised
 And took a solemn oath

"To marry no one but Polly,
 Thy pretty chamber-maid.
 Excuse me, my mistress,
 She has my heart beleagued."

By her being objected
 She could not be my wife;
 She seemed to seek a project
 To take away my life.

One bright, beautiful morning
 All in the month of May
 The flowers they were blooming
 Delightful and gay.

Her gold ring from her finger,
 As I was passing by,
 She slipped into my pocket;
 This caused me to die.

She cursed and swore I robbed her
 And quickly I was brought
 Before a brave old justice
 To answer for my faults.

A long time I pled innocent;
 It was of no prevail;
 She swore so hard against me
 Till I was sent to jail.

"Come, all who stand around me,
My wretched face to see,
Would glory in my downfall,
I pray you pity me.

"Believe that I'm quite innocent;
I'll bid this world adieu;
Fare you well, my pretty little Polly;
I died for loving you."

THE TEXAS RANGER

For additional texts and tunes, see John A. Lomax, *Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads*, p. 44; Pound, No. 73; *New Jersey Journal of Education*, March, 1928; *JAFL*, XLII, 281; XLIV, 85; H. M. Belden, *Ballads and Songs from Missouri*, pp. 336-9.

The text was obtained from Mrs. Nathan Hicks, Rominger, North Carolina, in April, 1934.

I am a Texas ranger;
My name I will not tell;
I'm just a Texas ranger
And I sure do wish you well.

At the age of nineteen,
I joined the ranger band;
I march from Santiago
Down to the Rio Grand'.

They kept us all in bondage;
Perhaps they thought was right:
"Before you reach the mountains, my boy,
You'll have to fight."

I heard the Indians coming;
I heard them give a yell;
My feeling at the moment
No human tongue can tell.

The guns was roaring loudly,
The bullets flying around;
Before the fight was over,
Many were lying on the ground.

The Indian was soon deflected
And all was put to rout,
While the gallant troupe of rangers
Gave up a glorious shout.

I've crossed the Rocky Mountains;
 I've traveled many a mile;
 I've never lost my mother's love;
 God bless her sweet smile.

SIDNEY ALLEN

The songs about Claud and Sidney Allen are based on fact. The local information is that both Allens shot sheriffs over a dispute about liquor. The Hillsdale, Virginia, courthouse which seems to have been the chief seat of warfare is still pointed out to tourists. Indeed, I was assured that the bullet marks in the wall were made by Sidney Allen's gun. For an account of the feud, see Richardson and Spaeth's *American Mountain Songs*, p. 34, and the note on p. 106, which gives some account of the local feud at Hillsdale. See also Hudson's *Specimens of Mississippi Folk-Lore*, No. 71; Henry, JAFL, XLV, 147.

This text was obtained from Nathan Hicks, Rominger, North Carolina, in January, 1934.

Come, all you people, if you want to hear
 The story about a cruel mountaineer.
 Sidney Allen was the villain's name;
 At Hillsdale courthouse he won his fame.

The caller called the jury at half past nine;
 Sidney Allen was the prisoner and he was on time;
 He mounted to the bar with his pistol in his hand
 And sent Judge Massie to the Promised Land.

Just a moment later and the place was in a roar;
 The dead and dying were lying on the floor;
 With a thirty-eight colts and a thirty-eight ball
 Sidney backed the sheriff up against the wall.

The sheriff saw that he was in a mighty bad place;
 The mountaineer was staring him right in the face;
 He turned to the window and then he said:
 "A moment more and we'll all be dead."

Sidney mounted to his pony and away he did ride;
 His friends and nephews were riding by his side;
 They all shook hands and swore they would hang
 Before they'd give up to the ball and chain.

Sidney Allen wandered and he traveled all around
 Until he was captured in the Western town.
 They fastened him with the ball and chain
 And placed poor Sidney in the east bound train.

They arrived at Sidney's home at eleven forty-one;
 He met his wife and daughter and two little sons;
 They all shook hands and knelt down to pray;
 They cried: "Oh, Lord, don't take papa away."

The people gathered from far and near
 To see Sidney sentenced to the electric chair;
 But to their great surprise the judge, he said:
 "He's going to the penitentiary instead."

ROSE CONNOLY

For additional texts and tunes, see Cox, pp. 314-15. Cf. also Shearin and Combs, p. 28.

Local title, "In Willow Garden." The text was obtained from Nathan Hicks, Rominger, North Carolina, in January, 1934.

Away down in the willow garden
 Where me and my love did meet;
 Oh, there we sit a-courtin';
 My love dropped off to sleep.

I had a bottle of Bergain wine,
 Which my true-love did not know;
 There I poisoned my one true-love
 Down under the banks below.

I throwed my saper through her,
 Which was a bloody knife;
 I throwed her in the river
 Which was a dreadful sight.

My father always taught me
 That money would set me free
 If I would murder that poor little miss
 Whose name was Rose Conlolee.

Now my father standing in his own cottage door
 Wiping his weeping eyes,
 Looking at his own dear son
 Upon the castle high.

Says my race is run beneath the sun
 Because I murdered that poor little miss
 Whose name was Rose Conlolee,
 And hell is now waiting for me.

DRUNKARD'S DREAM

For additional texts and tunes, see Cox, No. 129. Cf. also *The Singer's Journal*, II, 246; Shearin and Combs, p. 33; Mary O. Eddy, *Ballads and Songs from Ohio*, pp. 225-7; H. M. Belden, *Ballads and Songs from Missouri*, pp. 469-70.

The text was obtained from Mrs. Nathan Hicks, Rominger, North Carolina, in January, 1934.

Oh, Willie, you look better now;
Your clothes are neat and clean;
I have not seen you drunk no more;
How come this happy change?

It was a dream, a warning, boys,
That heaven sent to me
To snatch me from a drunkard's curse,
Grief, want and misery.

I dreamed one night I staggared home;
My thoughts they were of gloom;
I missed my wife; where could she be?
And strangers in the room.

I heard them say: "Poor thing, she's dead;
She's lived a wretched life;
Grief and want has broke her heart;
She was a drunkard's wife."

"She's dead," my oldest daughter cried,
And run to where she lay.
I'd gladly kiss her warm sweet lips
Which now were cold as day.

"Oh, Nellie, speak to me once more;
I'll never cause you pain.
Oh, Nellie, speak to me once more;
I'll ne'er get drunk again.

"Oh, Nellie, speak to me once more;"
I dreamed I knelt and cried;
And when I awoke my Nellie dear
Was weeping by my side.

I pressed her to my throbbing breast
While joyful tears did stream
And ever since I've heaven blessed
For sending me this dream.

SAILOR BOY

This is a later recording of the song printed in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, XLV, pp. 80-81. It is reprinted here to include Stanza 3, which the singer forgot in the former recording of the song. In the present song, however, the following stanza was evidently forgotten by the singer:

"Go, bring me a chair to sit upon,
 A pen and ink to write it down.
 At the end of every line, she dropped a tear;
 At the end of every verse she cried 'Oh, my dear',
 At the end of every line she dropped a tear;
 At the end of every verse she cried 'Oh, my dear'."

For additional variants and tunes, see Campbell and Sharp, no. 106; Cox, no. 110; Sharp, *One Hundred English Folk Songs*, no. 72; JAFL, XXIX, 199; XXX, 363; XXXI, 170; XXXV, 410; XLV, 79-81; *Heart Songs*, Boston, 1909, p. 67, *A Song of the Sea*; Rickaby, *Ballads and Songs of the Shanty Boy (The Pinery Boy)*, pp. 85, 210; Henry, *Songs Sung in the Southern Appalachians*, London, 1934, p. 177; H. M. Belden, *Ballads and Songs from Missouri*, pp. 186-91.

Recorded by Mrs. Mellinger E. Henry, July 18, 1934, from the singing of Mrs. Ewart Wilson, wife of the grandson of "Big Tom" Wilson, famed hunter of the Black Mountains and the man who led the search for Prof. Mitchell when he lost his life on Mount Mitchell. Mrs. Wilson's address is Pensacola, North Carolina. The air was recorded by Mr. Maurice Matteson. The words have been set to music by Dr. Charles G. Osgood.

Fa-ther, fa-ther, go build me a boat That I may o-ver the
 o-cean float, And ev' ry ship that I pass by There
 I'll in-quire for my sweet sol-dier boy; And ev'ry ship that
 I pass by There I'll in-quire for my sweet sol-dier boy.

Father, father, go build me a boat
That I may over the ocean float
And every ship that I pass by
There I'll inquire for my sweet soldier boy;
And every ship that I pass by
There I'll inquire for my sweet soldier boy.

She rowed her boat upon the main;
She saw three ships a-coming from Spain;
She halted each ship as they passed by
And there she inquired of her sweet soldier boy;
She halted each ship as they passed by
And there she inquired for her sweet soldier boy.

"Captain, captain, tell me true:
Does my sweet soldier boy sail with you?
Answer me quick; it will give me joy;
I never will love any but my sweet soldier boy;
Answer me quick; it will give me joy;
I never will love any but my sweet soldier boy."

"No, kind lady, he's not here,
They killed him in the battle, my dear;
At the head of Rocky Isle as we passed by
There we let your soldier lie;
At the head of Rocky Isle as we passed by
There we let your soldier lie."

She rowed her boat upon a rock;
I saw that the lady's heart was broke;
She ran her fingers through her hair
Just like a lady in despair;
She ran her fingers through her hair
Just like a lady in despair.

Dig my grave both wide and deep
And place a marble slab at my head and my feet
And on my breast place a little turtle dove
To show to the world that I died for love;
And on my breast place a little turtle dove
To show to the world that I died for love.

THE ROMISH LADY

This version of "The Romish Lady" is almost identical with that of John A. Lomax in *The North Carolina Booklet*, Vol. XI, No. 1, July, 1911, pp. 41-2. See also H. M. Belden, *Ballads and Songs from Missouri*, pp. 450-5; Dorothy Scarborough, *A Song Catcher in Southern Mountains*, pp. 176-8; Mary O. Eddy, *Ballads and Songs from Ohio*, pp. 220-2; A. P. Hudson, *Folksongs from Mississippi and Their Background*, pp. 137-9; G. P. Jackson, *Spiritual Folk Songs of Early America*, pp. 27-8.

The text was obtained from Nathan Hicks, Rominger, North Carolina.

There was a Romish Lady,
Brought up in popery;
Her mother always taught her,
The priest she must obey.
"Oh, pardon me, dear mother,
I humbly pray thee now,
For unto these false idols
I can no longer bow."

Assisted by her hand-maid
A Bible she concealed
And then she gained instructions
Till God His love revealed.
No more she prostrated herself
To pictures decked with gold;
But soon she was betrayed
And her Bible from her stole.

"I'll bow to my dear Jesus;
I'll worship God unseen;
I'll live by faith forever;
The works of men are vain;
I cannot worship angels,
Nor pictures made by men;
Dear mother, use your pleasure,
But pardon if you can."

With grief and great vexation
Her mother straight did go
To inform the Romish clergy
The cause of all her woes.
The priests were soon assembled
And for the maid did call
And force her in the dungeon
To fright her soul withal.

The more they stove to frighten
The more she did endure;
Although her age was tender,
Her faith was strong and sure.
The chain of gold so costly
They from this lady took;
And she with all her spirit
The pride of life forsook.

Before the Pope they brought her
In hope of her return
And then she was condemned
In horrid flames to burn.
Before the place of torment
They brought her speedily.
With lifted hands to heaven
She then agreed to die.

There being many ladies
Assembled at the place
She raised her eyes to heaven
And begged supplying grace:
"Weep not, ye tender ladies,
Shed not a tear for me;
While my poor body's burning
My soul the Lord shall see.

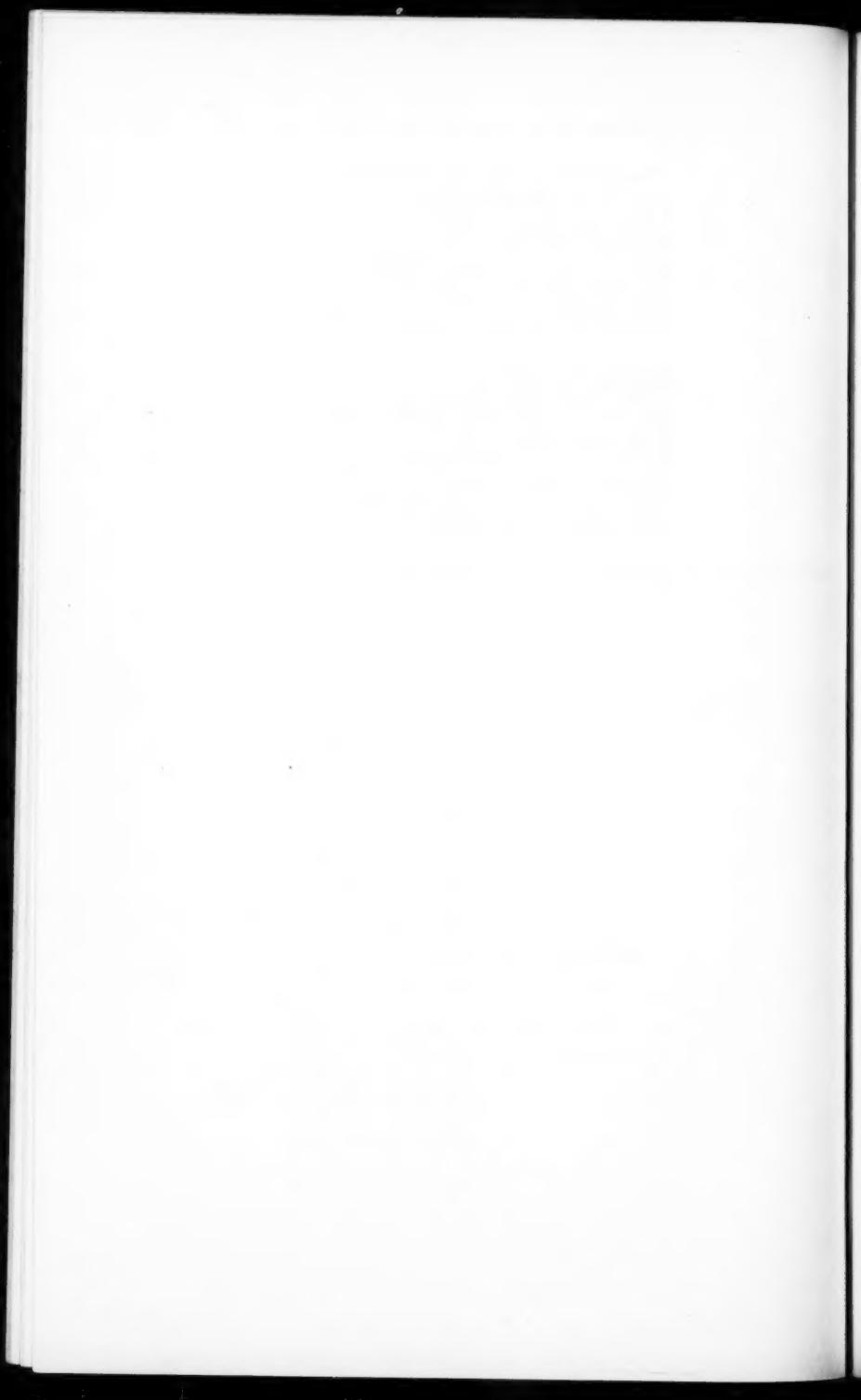
"Yourselves you need to pity
And Zion's deep decay;
Dear ladies, turn to Jesus;
No longer make delay."
In comes her raving mother
Her daughter to behold,
And in her hands she brought her
Some pictures decked with gold.

"Oh, take from me these idols;
Remove them from my sight;
Restore to me my Bible;
In that I take delight;
Alas, my aged mother,
Why on my ruin bent?
'Twas you that did betray me
But I am innocent.

"Tormentors, use your pleasure
And do as you think best;
I hope my blessed Jesus
Will take my soul to rest."
Soon as these words were spoken
Up steps the man of death
And kindled up the fire
To stop her mortal breath.

Instead of golden bracelets,
With chains they bound her feet.
She cried, "My God, give power!
Now must I die at last;
With Jesus and His angels
Forever I shall dwell;
God, pardon priest and people
And so I bid farewell."

Ridgefield, N. J., and University of Maryland.



JACK AND THE FIRE DRAGAMAN¹

by Richard Chase

The following tale was taken down from the telling of it by R. M. (Monroe) Ward and his brother, Miles A. Ward of Beech Creek, North Carolina.

Well,—hit's said that one time Jack and his two brothers, Will and Tom, wuz a-layin' around home: wuzn't none of 'em doin' no good, so their daddy decided he'uld set 'em to work. He had him a track of land out in a wilderness of a place back up on the mountain. Told the boys they could go up there and work it. Said he'uld give it to 'em. Hit wuz a right far ways from whare anybody lived at, so they fixed 'em up a wagon load of rations and stuff for housekeepin' and pulled out.

There wuzn't no house up there, so they cut poles and notched 'em up a shack. They had to go to work in a hurry to git out any crop and they set right in to clearin' 'em a newground. They decided one boy 'ULD have to stay to the house till twelve and do the cookin'.

First day Tom and Jack left Will there. Will went to fixin' around and got dinner ready, went out and blowed the horn to call Tom and Jack, looked down the holler and seed a giant a-comin'. Had him a pipe about four foot long, and his long old blue beard drug the ground.

When Will seed the old giant wuz headed right for the house, he run and got behind the door, pulled it back on him and scrouged back ag'inst the wall jest a-shakin' like a leaf. Old Bluebeard come on in the house, throwed the cloth back off the dishes, eat ever' bite on the table and sopped the plates. Went to the fire and lit his pipe; the smoke jest come a-bilin' out. Then he went on back down the holler.

Tom and Jack come on in directly, says,

"Why in the world ain't ye got us no dinner, Will?"

"Law me!" says Will, "If you'd a seed what I seed, you'd a not thought about no dinner. Old Fire Dragaman come up here, eat ever' bite on the table, and sopped the plates."

Tom and Jack laughed right smart at Will. Will says,

"You'uns needn't to laugh. Hit'll be your turn tomor', Tom."

So they fixed up what vittles they could and they all went back to work in the newground.

Next day Tom got dinner, went out and blowed the horn. There come old Fire Dragaman.

¹Read before the Sixth Annual Meeting of the Southeastern Folklore Society, held at Charlottesville, Virginia, April 4-5, 1941.

"Law me!" says Tom, "Whare'll I git?"

He run and scrambled under the bed. Old Fire Dragaman come on in, eat ever'thing on the table, sopped the plates, and licked out all the pots. Lit his old pipe and pulled out down the holler, the black smoke jest a-bilin' like smoke comin' out a chimley. Hit'uz a sight to look at.

Will and Jack come in, says,

"Whare's dinner at?"

"Dinner, the nation! Old Fire Dragaman come back up here. Law me! Hit'uz the beatenist thing I ever seed!"

Will says, "Whare wuz you at, Tom?"

"Well I'll just tell ye," says Tom, "I'uz down under the bed."

Jack laughed, and Will and Tom says, "You jest wait about laughin', Jack. Hit'll be your time tomorr'."

Next day Will and Tom went to the newground. They got to laughin' about whare Jack 'uld hide at when old Fire Dragaman come.

Jack fixed up ever'thing for dinner, went out about twelve and blowed the horn. Looked down the wilderness, seed old Fire Dragaman a-comin'.

Jack went on back in the house, started puttin' stuff on the table. Never paid no attention to old Bluebeard, jest went right on a-fixin' dinner. Old Fire Dragaman come on in. Jack 'uz scoopin' up a mess of beans out the pot, says, "Why hello, daddy."

"Howdy, son."

"Come on in, daddy. Git you a cheer. Dinner's about ready; jest stay and eat with us."

"No I thank ye. I couldn't stay."

"Hit's on the table. Come on set down."

"No. I jest stopped to light my pipe."

"Come on, daddy. Let's eat."

"No, much obliged. I got no time."

Old Fire Dragaman went to git him a coal of fire, got the biggest chunk in the fireplace, stuck it down in his old pipe and started on back. Jack tuk out and foller'd him with all the smoke a-bilin' out; watched whare he went to, seed him go down a big straight hole in the ground.

Will and Tom come on to the house, seed Jack wuz gone. Will says, "I reckon that's the last of Jack. I bet ye a dollar old Fire Dragaman's done tuk him off and eat him. Dinner's still on the table."

So they set down and went to eatin'. Jack come on in directly. Will and Tom says, "Whare'n the world ye been, Jack? We 'lowed old Fire Dragaman had done eat ye up."

"I been watchin' whare old Fire Dragaman went to."

"How come dinner yit on the table?"

"I tried my best to git him to eat," says Jack; "He jest lit his old pipe and went on back. I follerred him, seed him go in a big hole out yonder."

"You right sure ye ain't lyin', Jack?"

"Why no," says Jack. "You boys come with me and you kin see the place whare he went in at. Let's us git a rope and basket so we kin go in that hole and see what's down there."

So they got 'em a big basket made out of splits, and gathered up a long rope they'd done made out of hickory bark, and Jack tuk 'em on down to old Fire Dragaman's den.

"Will, you the oldest," says Jack. "We'll let you go down first. If you see any danger, you shake the rope and we'll pull ye back up."

Will got in the basket, says: "You recollect now; everwhen I shake that rope, you'uns pull me out in a hurry."

So they let him down. Directly the rope shuk; they jerked the basket back out, says, "What'd ye see, Will?"

"Seed a big house."

Then they slapped Tom in the basket and let him down; rope shuk; they hauled him up.

"What'd ye see, Tom?"

"Seed a house and the barn."

Then they got Jack in the basket, let him down. Jack got down on top of the house, let the basket slip down over the eaves, and right on down in the yard. Jack got out, went and knocked on the door. The prettiest girl Jack ever had seed come out. He started right in to courtin' her, says, "I'm goin' to git you out of here."

She says, "I got another sister in the next room yonder, prettier'n me. You git her out, too."

So Jack went on in the next room. That second girl wuz a heap prettier'n the first, and Jack went to talkin' to her and wuz a-courtin' right on. Said he'uld git her out of that place.

She says, "I got another sister in the next room, prettier'n me. Don't ye want to git her out, too?"

So he went on in. Time Jack seed that 'un he knewed she 'uz the prettiest girl ever lived, so he started in right off talkin' courtin' talk to her; plumb forgot about them other two. That girl said to Jack,

says "Old Fire Dragaman'll be back here any minute now. Time he finds you here he'll startin spittin' balls of fire."

So she went and opened up an old chist, tuk out a big swoard and a box of ointment, says, "If one of them balls of fire hits ye, Jack, you rub on a little of this medicine right quick, and this here swoard is the only thing kin hurt old Fire Dragaman. You watch out now, and kill him if ye kin."

Well, old Bluebeard come in the door directly, seed Jack, and commenced spittin' balls of fire around in there, some of 'em big as pumpkins. Jack he'uz jest a-dodgin' around tryin' to git at the old giant with that swoard. Once in a while one of them fireballs 'uld glance him but Jack rubbed on that ointment and it didn't even make a blister. Fin'lly Jack clipped him with that swoard, tuk his head clean off.

Then Jack made that girl promise she'd marry him. So she tuk a red ribbon and got Jack to plait it in her hair. Then she give Jack a wishin' ring. He put it on his finger and they went on out and got them other two girls.

They wuz awful pleased. Told Jack they'uz sech little bits of children when old Bluebeard ketched 'em they barely could recollect when they first come down there.

Well, Jack put the first one in the basket and shuk the rope. Will and Tom hauled her up, and when they seed her they commenced fightin' right off to see which one 'uld marry her. She told 'em, says,

"I got another sister down there."

"Is she prettier'n you?" says Will.

She says to him, says, "I ain't sayin'."

Will and Tom chunked the basket down in a hurry. Jack put the next girl in, shuk the rope. Time Will and Tom seed her they both asked her to marry, and went to knockin' and beatin' one another over gittin' her. She stopped 'em, says, "We got one more sister down there."

"Is she prettier'n you?" says Will.

She says to him, says, "You kin see for yourself."

So they slammed the basket down, jerked that last girl out.

"Law me!" says Will, "This here's the one I'm a-goin' to marry."

"Oh no you ain't!" Tom says; "you'll marry me, won't ye now?"

"No," says the girl, "I've done promised to marry Jack."

"Blame Jack," says Will, "he kin jest stay in there," and he tuk the basket and rope, throwed 'em down the hole.

"There ain't nothin' much to eat down there," says the girl; "He'll starve to death."

"That's jest what we want him to do," says Will, and they tuk them girls on back up to the house.

Well, Jack eat ever'thing he could find down there, but in about three days he seed the rations wuz runnin' awful low. Then he scraped up ever'thing there wuz left and he wuz plumb out of vittles; didn't know what he 'uld do.

In about a week Jack had commenced to git awful pore. Happened he looked at his hand, turned that ring to see how much he'd fell off, says, "I wish I wuz back home settin' in my mother's chimney corner smokin' my old chunky pipe."

And next thing, there he wuz.

Jack's mother asked him how come he wuzn't up at the newground. Jack told her that'uz jest whare he wuz started.

When Jack got up there, Will and Tom wuz still a-fightin' over that youngest girl. Jack come on in the house and seed she still had that red ribbon in her hair, and she come over to him, says, "Oh Jack!"

So Jack got the youngest and Tom got the next 'un, and that throwed Will to take the oldest.

And the last time I'uz down there they'd done built 'em three pole cabins and they wuz all doin' pretty well.

Glade Spring, Virginia.



SOUTH AMERICAN FOLKLORE REGIONS AND THEIR STUDY

by

Ralph Steele Boggs

The purpose of my trip around South America, June to December 1940, was to survey the field of folklore there—the men interested in the field and their publications, the various centers and libraries in which some attention was paid to folklore, and the general nature of the folklore materials found in the different parts of the continent. With these objects in view, and with the opportunity of viewing first-hand something of the geographic, economic, social, and other aspects of the regions through which I traveled, I was able to form some idea of the regional and folklore divisions of the continent. Also, naturally, in comprehending these folklore regions and talking to the people in them, I saw many opportunities for studies in the field, notations of which I took down for the benefit of North and South American folklorists, for the broader interest these suggested opportunities might arouse in the field, and for the possibilities they offer to those who would promote intellectual cooperation between the Americas.

No satisfactory comprehensive survey of these regions has been made, either for the continent in general or for most of the countries in it. The making of such a survey or map of the folklore or traditional regions of South America offers a fine opportunity for scholarship in the field and should be done early for its use in the orientation of future studies. It would naturally be tentative and modified by future work, but at least it would provide a temporary basis for orientation where now none exists. Much help could be found in works on anthropology, on sociology and, more recently, on human geography. Linguistic areas often are quite helpful in determining folklore areas.

The folklore regions that impressed me generally as being most interesting were the whole series of Andean regions from Ecuador through Peru and Bolivia down to northern Argentina, the coastal strip of Ecuador and Peru, the western Argentine region of Cuyo (apparently not part of the Andean series), the Spanish-Guarani fusion of Paraguay (east of the Chaco), and the Afro-Portuguese coastal region of Brasil from the Amazon down to São Paulo. Below are more detailed observations, country by country.

ECUADOR

The "oriente" or eastern Ecuador, down the eastern slopes of the Andes and into the low, hot jungles of the headwaters of the Amazonian basin, is inhabited almost entirely by Indians and is difficult of access, for it has little contact with the outside world. From what American missionaries, who had lived among the Indians of the "oriente," told me about them, I judge their folklore to be very interesting. But I cannot conscientiously recommend that anyone go and study among Indians whose most renowned folk art is the shrinking of human heads, and who are so suspicious of outsiders that the inopportune backfiring of the engine in a motor launch endangers the life of a white traveler. Besides, much of this territory is in dispute between Ecuador and Peru, so that the unsettled state of its politics does not make it a favorable field for the scholar.

The Andean area, whose center is Quito, is quite distinct from the "oriente" and the coastal plain. Its population is largely mixed Spanish and Indian, with many pure-blooded Indians. There is a great disparity between the lowly Indian and the small, pure or mixed Spanish intellectual and ruling class. The intellectual lives in a Spanish environment, with his interest focused abroad, especially on the United States, rather than upon his own country. Although I did not visit Cuenca, I am told that the purest traces of Spanish folklore are to be found in that region. Probably the best center for the study of Indian folklore of the Andean region would be Otavalo, north of Quito, where a study of witchcraft, folk medicine and cures appears to be most promising. I am told that Otavalo is a great center for Indian witch doctors and that in this respect it is closely connected with the "oriente." This region is far more accessible than the "oriente," for some of it is served by roads and railroads.

The coastal area is centered at Guayaquil, from which small boats continually circulate along the coast and up and down the rivers. This region seems as remote from Ecuador's Andean region as one country from another. Its population is largely mixed Spanish and negro. Its folklife, centering in the villages and plantations, appears to offer interesting opportunities to the student of various aspects of folklore. Modesto Chávez Franco, in the last chapter of his *Crónicas del Guayaquil antiguo*, "Poesías campesinas," describes poetic contests between folk poets in the coastal region, in which these poets improvise verses. He tells me there are current survivals of this practice, and they merit careful check. In the Christmas season, between December 25 and January 6, certain festive practices still

survive in and around Guayaquil which deserve recording and study. I am told that people dress in costume, have a "baile de pavones," sing villancicos, and apparently retain remnants of the "posadas." Also they have the custom of constructing big straw figures, called "año viejo," usually equipped with fireworks and set afire at midnight of December 31. Also around Guayaquil are remnants of witchcraft and its cures still carried on surreptitiously, for the police try to suppress this type of activity. The collection of pamphlets of "canciones populares," that is, literary but popular in their day (early 1900's), in the Biblioteca de autores nacionales of Carlos Rolando in Guayaquil, merits study.

PERU

Peru as a whole, with its colorful and variegated complex pattern of folklore regions, and its centers of ancient Inca and Spanish colonial cultures, is, from the standpoint of folklore, one of the most promising countries I visited. Like Ecuador, it has in general the three belts of low, inaccessible, jungle, eastern, Indian region; of high, Andean, Spanish - Indian region; and of narrow, coastal, Spanish-negro region, with many traits in common with these same regions in Ecuador. The people and products assembled at the annual national fair in Lima at the end of July give some indication of the rich variety of regions that compose Peru, for the three general belts mentioned above are often quite appreciably subdivided.

Loreto, Madre de Dios, and the whole jungle region east of the Andes are inhabited chiefly by pure blooded Indians, who have little contact with the outside world and who are as much of a curiosity in Lima as North American Indians in native costume would be in New York. But certainly this region of the Amazonian headwaters could be sampled by the folklorist easier in Peru than in Ecuador, and probably easier than it could be approached from either Bolivia or Brasil.

Professor Farfán, who holds the chair of Quechua at the University of San Marcos in Lima, has traveled through the Andean region from Bolivia to Ecuador, pursuing his studies of Quechua language and folklore. He gave me the benefit of some observations based on his experience in the field. He was born in this region and speaks Quechua as his native tongue. He said he was not aware of any modern survivals of Quechua folkdrama, although it is known that such drama was performed in the time of the Incas. Nevertheless, I cannot help believing that the folkdrama in the Andean region bears further investigation, for survivals of the Spanish, if not the Que-

chuá, tradition. The work done on folk arts and crafts has been made chiefly by foreigners and archeologists. There is still a rich living tradition in this field, the richest I have seen anywhere in the New World, except in Mexico (and Guatemala, to judge from what others have told me). Its study is sure to reward the folklorist. Along with the folk music and dance, it will probably be one of the richest yields for the folklorist in Peru. Farfán assured me that witchcraft and its cures are still very much alive in his native village in the province of Cuzco. This is another field still largely unworked, despite the monumental three volumes of Valdizán and Maldonado on Peruvian folkmedicine. Between the towns of Cuzco and Puno I noticed that the women wore very distinctive types of hats, which seemed to vary considerably from one village to another; indeed, it seemed that every village in that region had its own type, so that the village of origin of a woman could be discerned by the type of hat she wore. In folkdress generally, this is one of the most interesting regions in South America. Because of its distinctive local color, dress in this region has attracted much attention from photographers, writers, etc., but a comprehensive and detailed historic-geographic study of it is now in order. I regretted missing Ayacucho, which may prove one of the most fruitful folklore regions in Peru. Its indigenous strain is said to be fairly pure, whereas that of Cuzco is a mixture, having drawn in elements from all parts of the Inca empire. The folklorist should, therefore, be wary of the complicated cosmopolitan traditional background of the ancient Inca capital itself. Even more interesting than the Cuzco region for folklore studies in the high mountain valleys of southern Peru, I believe, may be the region centering around Lake Titicaca. The field of the riddle is almost completely unworked here, and I suspect it may yield some very interesting results. I was told of local festivals in certain villages around Lake Titicaca worthy of investigation, but they are celebrated only once a year; so in order to study them, one must be there on the exact day.

In the coastal area of Peru, Spanish and negro elements predominate. The coastal plain is quite narrow and barren. Judging from what I saw flying from Lima to Arequipa, life is concentrated around little irrigated patches scattered along the small river valleys that cross this narrow plain from the mountains to the ocean. The folk music and dance of this area have attracted the attention of folklorists especially. The abundant manifestations and basic unity of this type up and down the Peruvian coast make it a promising

field for an intensive historic-geographic comparative study, which would have to be pursued all along the coast, from Ecuador through Peru and far down the coast of Chile. Both in the coastal and mountain regions, ample and largely unworked material awaits the folklorist who would make a study of the rural roadside refreshment stand. Also in both regions, coca folklore, or the study of customs, practices, beliefs, etc., connected with the raising, selling, chewing, and after effects of coca leaves, awaits further attention. In the city of Lima itself, street cries offer a limited but profitable field. The collection and study of children's rimes and games in the old Spanish colonial capital of Lima always holds the enticing possibility of bringing to light material that may elucidate references to such rimes and games in the Spanish literature of the Golden Age.

BOLIVIA

Bolivia lacks a coastal region, but has an Andean and eastern lowland region, like Ecuador and Peru, which are, in many respects, simply extensions of the similar regions in these two countries, and many of the same observations apply to these as did to them. José M. Velasco Maidana, in La Paz, told me he considered Sucre, Potosí, and Santa Cruz the most promising spots for Bolivian folklore, especially that of Spanish origin. He described some Christmas customs which he said still exist in Sucre, and which include the singing of villancicos. These customs merit investigation. He also said María Luisa Bustamante de Uriostí, in La Paz, is preparing a history of Bolivian costumes. The study of Bolivian folk dress is promising. Yolanda Bedregal, in La Paz, told me that Humberto Viscarra Monje, director of the Conservatory of music in Cochabamba, has an unpublished manuscript of legends concerning the street names of La Paz. Gustavo Adolfo Otero, in La Paz, told me that he thought the most colorful group in Bolivia for folklore study is the community of Callahuayas Indians in the province of Muñecas in the department of La Paz. He said that the customs and social organization of this group are unique, and that their witchcraft is especially interesting.

CHILE

In general, I received the impression in Chile that, for folklore, southern Chile is more interesting than northern Chile, and that the coastal area is more interesting than the mountain region. Indeed, the major portion of the work that has been done on Chile in the field of folklore (and considerable scholarly activity is in evidence

in Chile) has been accomplished in the southern coastal region. Chile lacks entirely the eastern "oriente" region of Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia. And even though the Andean belt continues down through Chile, there seems to be a break in folklore continuity, for I received the impression that the lines of traditional culture extending southward from Peru through Bolivia veer off, as they go further south, and descend into the widening plains of northern Argentina, avoiding the ever increasing southward chill of the Andes. We flew into Chile through the central pass and out through the southern pass, and along both routes the high Andean regions appeared to be uninhabited and uninhabitable. As one emerges from the tropical belt into Chile, this high and barren mountain region no longer supports much human life. Thus Chilean folklore is chiefly the folklore of a long and narrow coastal region, extending here and there up into the mountain valleys and out onto the islands along the coast.

José Santos González Vera, in Santiago de Chile, told me that in Chiloé there have been many lawsuits involving practices of witchcraft, and he suggested that the records of these cases may provide fine material for a study of witchcraft in Chiloé of a century ago. He also said that the region of Magallanes and Aysen, in the extreme south, shows a mixture of Chilean and Argentine culture that should provide interesting material for folklore study. He further suggested that the region around Temuco should prove interesting to the folklorist for Mapuche Indian survivals. In the Sección chilena of the Biblioteca nacional in Santiago de Chile, there is a collection of some five hundred "hojas sueltas," entitled "Poesías populares de Chile—R. Lenz." These were used by Lenz as a basis for his work called *La poesía popular impresa en Santiago de Chile*. This Sección has another volume entitled *Poesías varias, 1820-1867*, and various others of "poesías populares," by known authors, written in the popular style. Raúl Silva Castro, head of this Sección, told me he had a manuscript work on this material, a study and anthology. These volumes offer a wealth of material, and may give further opportunities for study.

ARGENTINA

Argentina is a large, flat expanse, with its regions not sharply divided by physical features, as in the west coast countries. From the Río de la Plata the plains stretch southward, becoming ever colder and more barren; westward until they are broken up and end in the Andes; and northward to the mountains of Bolivia and the tropical jungles of Paraguay and Brazil. The bulk of the population of Argen-

tina has poured in recently and rapidly from Spain, Italy, and other sections of Europe. What few remaining Indians there were have been swept off to the edges of the country, south to Patagonia, west to the Andes, and north to the Chaco. In the slavery era, some negroes came to Argentina; but their numbers, like all the other population elements of those days, were insignificant compared to any of the immigration figures of recent times. Hence the small groups of negroes were mostly absorbed by the huge subsequent waves of white immigration, and today negroes are not commonly found in most of Argentina. Even their traces in mixture grow dim in the great white majority. With slight Indian tinges around the borders, with little of the negro surviving the absorption process, and with a large amount of diverse white European tradition still so new that it has not yet had time to blend and take root, the only real core of well assimilated and deeply rooted tradition in Argentina is that which flowed down from Bolivia and Peru in colonial times, flooded northern Argentina, flowed into Cordoba and central Argentina, and trickled out into the Río de la Plata. This tradition is chiefly Spanish. It has some Indian elements, but they are more apt to have come down with the Spanish tradition out of Bolivia than to have an indigenous Argentine origin.

Thus the most interesting folklore region in Argentina, and the one about which most has been published, is the northwest: Jujuy, Salta, Los Andes, Tucumán, Santiago del Estero, Catamarca, and La Rioja. The most interesting part of this region to me was Santiago del Estero. The second most interesting region for the folklorist in all Argentina is, I believe, Cuyo, which includes Mendoza, San Juan and San Luis, in the west. It caught my interest more than many parts of the northern region. For its possible indigenous Andean traits, its Chilean connections, and other reasons, it should command special interest, although it seems not yet to have attracted particular interest among Argentine folklorists. The third most interesting region is the tropical northeast: Formosa, Chaco, Corrientes and Misiones. Least interesting of all, so Argentine folklorists tell me, for I did not visit it, is the barren, thinly populated south: Río Negro, Chubut, Santa Cruz and Tierra del Fuego. Cordoba, in central Argentina, is regarded as the cultural center of Spanish colonial days. Aside from Cordoba, I found more material vestiges of the Spanish colonial period in Salta than anywhere else. But these cities are quite modern centers and apparently have absorbed that international mechanical civilization we find everywhere today so thor-

oughly that in these cities there are probably few opportunities for the folklorist.

A folklore regional map of Argentina is to be desired, as it is for all New World countries. Since a majority of its population elements are still quite recent and easily traceable, Argentina is the most inviting for the realization of this opportunity. The division of Argentina into folklore regions, moreover, I believe, would not prove as complex as in many of the other countries. The progress of intellectual activity in general, in maps, statistics and other necessary auxiliary material, is more advanced in Argentina than in many other countries. And, most important, the Argentine folklore archive, only one of its kind in South America, despite its faults, should provide a good basis for the formation of such a map.

The custom of drinking mate tea is widespread over Argentina. There should be opportunity for a study of the various bits of folklore connected with this custom. An interesting study of the mate containers alone, as well as various other material aspects of the folklore of the pampas, could be made largely on the basis of the excellent collections in the museum of Carlos Daws and other material easily available in Buenos Aires itself. Indeed, it seems that more people collect these things than study them.

Many persons are working in the enormous folklore archive gathered through the public school teachers of the nation and housed in the Institute of Literature of the University of Buenos Aires, but there still remains in this archive much material to be edited and studied. A mine of information is available here, not only the texts themselves in the manuscript files, but much indirect information concerning promising regions for more intensive collecting, good informants, nature of material and relative abundance of types in different regions, shaping of an intensive folklore questionnaire particularly adapted to Argentina, establishing the map of folklore regions of the country, etc.

URUGUAY

Uruguay is very small and impressed me as being rather uniform in its traditional character. It seems to be a well developed country and dominated by its one big city, Montevideo, whose vitality is sapped, in turn, by the nearby and easily accessible greater metropolis of Buenos Aires. Although seemingly rather colorless in general, so far as folklore is concerned, insofar as there is a living folk tradition in Uruguay, it is part and parcel of the general Río de la Plata region, and should be considered and studied as a part of the similar

region on the Argentine side. After Argentina, Brasil is Uruguay's second most important cultural contact, but this Brasilian contact is felt more among the learned than among the folk. Indeed, in the folklore of gaucho life, I was told in Brasil that influence has penetrated much more from Uruguay into Brasil than vice versa. In Montevideo I was assured that it is an attested fact that "payadores," or folk musicians, improvise verses frequently as they sing. This deserves investigation. Because of its smallness, compactness and uniformity, Uruguayan folklore could be studied easily, and should be, even though it merely add to the established patterns of the Argentine pampas. Perhaps the reason that the presumably small body of Uruguayan folklore has not been studied much is that it may offer nothing of an abundant or spectacular nature, but in the absence of exhaustive study, no one can say what may be found.

PARAGUAY

Paraguay impressed me as one of most intriguing spots in South America for folklore study. Its opportunities appear to be exceptionally good, for there seems to be plenty of material available in the villages, which seems to have been less frequently studied and less often collected than any other in South America. Spaniards and Guarani Indians have long lived side by side in Paraguay, with little foreign admixture; and they have so intermarried and become so fused culturally that the present population of the country is a fairly simple mixture of Spanish and Guarani elements fused into a rather well unified and homogeneous mass particularly inviting to the folklorist. Bertoni, in Asunción, told me this Spanish-Guarani fusion and absence of other elements have tended to produce a simple and uniform texture in Paraguayan traditional culture. The country may be divided into two regions: the great, newly won Chaco, west of the Paraguay river, and the older, more settled country, east of the river. As to whether there are sufficient distinctions to subdivide this latter area, I am not informed. Accessibility becomes a major item in the study of Paraguayan folklore, for transportation is usually of the most primitive sort. But to indicate how richly rewarded the folklorist would be there, I offer here some scattered bits of information given me in Asunción in conversation with Pablo Max Insfrán. He told me that Pedro Urdemalas, classic pícaro of Spain's folklore, is still much alive in Guarani folktales under the name of Perú Rimá. He said that there is an abundance of proverbs and many witty and often obscene Guarani riddles, that there are many legends, that the

burning of Judas is still practiced (this is so widespread over Latin America that a comprehensive comparative study should be made of it), that there are many beliefs connected with saints' days, that there is abundant practice of folk cures and medicine, that the polka is the most typical musical form and the small harp the most typical musical instrument, that there are many Guarani words current in Paraguayan Spanish, just as there are many Spanish words in Guarani, and that apparently a vocabulary of Paraguayisms is still to be made.

BRASIL

An attempt to determine the folklore regions of Brasil has been made by Dalmo Belfort de Mattos ("Os folclore regionais do país," in the *Revista do Arquivo municipal de São Paulo* 1940, ano VI, vol. LXXI 95-111). He summarizes previous attempts along the same line, outlines his classification, and then comments upon his headings all too briefly. He divides Brasilian cultural areas into those of "fundamental" and "marginal" cultures. Under "fundamental" he has two sections: the European-Indian mixture of the highlands of São Paulo, southern Minas, southern Mato Grosso, Paraná and the extreme south of Goiaz; and the Portuguese and Afro-Portuguese mixture of the northern coastal regions. The latter section he subdivides into three regions: the coast and hinterland of the northeast, the Bahia region including Sergipe, the sugar zone of Bahia and northern Minas, and thirdly the river region including the state of Rio, the federal capital, and northern São Paulo. Under "marginal" he has four sections: the Amazon, including Amazonia and the northern parts of Mato Grosso and Goiaz, the gaucho of the Rio de la Plata region, the southern coastal area, and the "colony" zone of Rio Grande. This is the sort of work needed for all Latin American countries, only in much more detail. Inasmuch as Belfort de Mattos' contribution however much it may be questioned, is much more valid than my own cursory observations on the folklore regions of Brasil, let us accept his instead of mine here.

The second "fundamental" section designated by Belfort de Mattos seems to offer the richest yield in folklore, for particularly the northeastern and Bahia regions have been the Brasilian folklorist's favorite hunting ground. Here one finds an old and deeply rooted Portuguese tradition, considerably modified by African elements, and still little disturbed by recent foreign influxes. Pierson showed me in São Paulo some fine folklore material he had gathered in the hinterland of Bahia. The phonographic recordings, films, and realia I saw in São Paulo's

Discoteca also bear witness to the flourishing tradition of witchcraft, dramatic dances, and other types of folklore in the northeast.

Other regions appear to be less interesting. Small and isolated Indian groups are scattered over the huge Amazon region and offer spots of folklore interest. After the Afro-Portuguese northeast and Bahia, probably the second most interesting folklore region of Brasil is the European-Indian highland region of São Paulo, Minas, Mato Grosso and Paraná. This region has been considerably less studied than the Afro-Portuguese region. In Rio Grande do Sul, along the Uruguay and Argentine borders, the Spanish and gaucho infiltrations should be studied, according to information given me in Rio de Janeiro by Sylvio Julio, who has lived for some time in that region. Perhaps it should be studied rather in conjunction with the Río de la Plata region in general. With this exception, the southern area generally, from Rio through São Paulo to Rio Grande do Sul, is probably the least interesting part of Brasil for the folklorist, for into this region has poured the bulk of recent immigration from many and diverse sources, and here is growing the industrial heart of the land.

One of the best folklore projects for immediate and easy realization in Brasil is the study of the materials from the northeast in the Discoteca at São Paulo. Also a study of the cries or traditional noise implements of the street vendors in Rio offers a good opportunity. The land of Brasil is vast, and so is its folklore.

University of North Carolina.



MORE INDIANA BALLADS AND SONGS

by Paul G. Brewster

Nos. 2, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 12, and 13 were recovered during the summer of 1938, at which time the writer was engaged in field work, with the aid of a financial grant from Indiana University; the rest are part of an earlier folksong collection made between 1934 and 1937. All texts are from the southern part of the state.

OUR GOODMAN

(Child, No. 274)

Communicated by Mrs. Oscar Parks, of Deuchars, Crawford County.

- 1 I came in the first night as drunk as I could be,
 Found a horse in my stable where my horse ought to be.
 "Oh my pretty little wife, explain this thing to me;
 How come that horse in the stable where my horse ought to be?"
- 2 "Oh you old crazy, don't you never see?
 That is just a milk-cow your grandmother sent to me."
 "I've been all around this wide world a thousand miles or more,
 But a saddle on a milk-cow I never saw before."
- 3 I came in the second night as drunk as I could be,
 Found a coat on my coat-rack where my coat ought to be.
 "Oh my pretty little wife, explain this thing to me;
 How come that coat on my coat-rack where my coat ought to be?"
- 4 "Oh you old crazy, don't you never see?
 That is just a bed quilt your mother gave to me."
 "I've been all around the wide world a thousand miles or more,
 But pockets on a bed quilt I never saw before."
- 5 I came in the third night as drunk as I could be,
 Found a head on my pillow where my head ought to be.
 "Oh my pretty little wife, explain this thing to me;
 How come that head on my pillow where my head ought to be?"

6 "O you old crazy, don't you never see?

That is just a cabbage head your sister sent to me."

"I've been all around this wide world a thousand miles or more,
But a mustache on a cabbage head I never saw before.¹"

GEORGIE

(Child, No. 209)

Communicated by Mrs. Dora Ward, of Princeton, Gibson County.

.....

- 1 The oldest lawyer leaned over the bar,
Saying, "George, I'm sorry for you,
But your own confession has doomed you to die;
May the Lord have mercy on you!"
- 2 George went 'round and through them all
And bade farewell to many;
And also unto his true-love,
And she took it the hardest of any.

¹For American texts, see Barry, *Ancient British Ballads . . .*, No. 17; Brown, *Ballad-Literature in North Carolina* (reprinted from *Proceedings and Addresses of the Literary and Historical Association of North Carolina*), p. 9; Virginia Folk-Lore Society Bulletin, Nos. 2-5; Campbell and Sharp (Karpeles edition), I, 267, No. 38; Cox, *Folk Songs of the South*, No. 28; Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, p. 485; Finger, *Frontier Ballads*, p. 161; Henry, *Songs Sung in the Southern Appalachians*, p. 14; Hudson, *Specimens of Mississippi Folk-Lore*, No. 20; Hudson, *Folksongs of Mississippi*, p. 122; Jones, *Folk-Lore in Michigan* (reprinted from *Kalamazoo Normal Record*, May, 1914), p. 301; Mackenzie, *Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia*, No. 14; Scarborough, *A Song Catcher in Southern Mountains*, p. 232; C. A. Smith, *Ballads Surviving in the United States* (reprinted from the *Musical Quarterly*, January, 1916), p. 17; Reed Smith, *South Carolina Ballads*, No. 14; JAFL, XVIII, 295, XXX, 199; Belden, *Ballads and Songs*, p. 89; Chappell, *Folk-Songs of Roanoke and the Albemarle*, p. 41; Eddy, *Ballads and Songs from Ohio*, p. 82; Linscott, *Folk-Songs of Old New England*, p. 259; Brewster, *Ballads and Songs of Indiana*, p. 149. For British texts, see Dixon, *Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England* (ed. Robert Bell), p. 206; Ford, *Vagabond Songs of Scotland*, II, 31; Grieg, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*, No. 91; and A. Williams, *Folk-Songs of the Upper Thames*, p. 188.

A Manx version "Haink fer-thie thei Amnagh" (Home Came the Old Man) is given in JFSS, VII, 302. A Hungarian version appears in Buday and Ortutay, *Székely Népballadák*, No. 23 ("A megrcsalt férj"), and a practically identical text is given in Bartók, *Hungarian Folk Music*, No. 260. For French texts, see *Revue des traditions populaires*, II, 64, 65, 66, and *Les littératures populaires*, VI, 117. A German text appears in Erk and Böhme, *Deutsche Liederhort*, II, 689, and a Spanish version is printed in *Primavera y flor*, II, 52. An Italian version will be found in Compartetti and d'Ancona, *Canti e Racconti del Popolo Italiano*, I ("Marito Geloso").

3 George was hung with a white silk cord;
 The like was never seen any;
 Because he was of a royal race
 And he courted a virgin lady.²

RINER DINE

From a MS. in the writer's possession. On the sheet containing this song are the words "John Small, his song Ballad, June 10, 1801."

- 1 One night in my late rambles 'neath a dark and cloudy sky
 O there I met a pretty fair maid, all on a mountain high:
 "O pretty fair maid, my joy and only care,
 Here on this lonesome mountain I'm glad to meet you there."
- 2 "Begone, begone, you false young man, my company forsake;
 For by your own behavior you're nothing but a rake.
 And if my parents knew it, my mind they would destroy
 For keeping with you all alone, all on the mountain high."
- 3 "I'm no rake but well brought up, and bear a good old name;
 I'm hunting out conceited (?) men, all in the Judge's name;
 And said, my dear, you need not fear whilst you're alone with me,
 For I myself will guard you, all on the mountain high."
- 4 And then this pretty fair maid she fell into amaze;
 She had nowhere to fix her eyes, but on me she did gaze.
 Her cherry cheeks and ruby lips they lost their former dye;
 She fainted in my arms, love, all on the mountain high.
- 5 I had not kist her past once or twice before she revived again;
 She made herself quite busy inquiring what was in my mind,
 Saying, "Down in yonder forest my castle you may find,
 And in some ancient history, my name, called 'Riner Dine'."³
- 6 And then I said, "My little fair maid, don't let your parents know,
 For if they come to know it, they will prove our overthrow.
 And if they come and search for me, perhaps they'll not me find,
 And down in yonder forest inquire for Riner Dine."

²For American texts, see Belden, *A Partial List of Song-Ballads and Other Popular Poetry Known in Missouri*, No. 9 (fragment); Virginia Folk-Lore Society Bulletin, Nos. 7, 9; Campbell and Sharp (Karpeles edition), I, 240; Cox, p. 135; Davis, p. 435; Pound, *Syllabus*, p. 11 (fragment); Shoemaker, *North Pennsylvania Minstrelsy*, p. 158; JAFL, XX, 319; XXXII, 504; Greenleaf and Mansfield, *Ballads and Sea Songs of Newfoundland*, p. 40. British texts are to be found in the following works: Broadwood, *English Traditional Songs and Carols*, p. 32; Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, I, 53; Greig, *Last Leaves*, No. 62; Kidson, *Traditional Tunes*, p. 25; Sharp and Marson, *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 2; R. Vaughan Williams, *Folk-Songs from the Eastern Counties*, p. 47; JFSS, II, 47, 208; I, 164; III, 191; IV, 89, 332.

³These lines are said, of course, by Riner Dine, not by "the little fair maid."

7 Come all you pretty fair mads, a warning take by me;
 It's when you go a-roving, pray shun bad company.
 For if you don't, you'll rue it unto the day you die;
 Beware of meeting Riner, girls, all on a mountain high."⁴

YOUNG CHARLOTTE

Communicated by Mrs. Dora Ward, of Princeton, Gibson County.

- 1 Young Charlotte lived by the mountainside
 In a wild and lonely spot,
 No dwelling there for three miles 'round
 Except her father's cot.
- 2 And yet on many a winter's night
 Young swains would gather there,
 For her father kept a social board
 And she was very fair.
- 3 Her father liked to see her dress
 Fine as a city belle;
 She was the only child he had,
 And he loved his daughter well.
- 4 It was New Year's Eve; the sun had set;
 Why looks her wandering eye
 So long from the frosty window forth
 As the merry sleighs pass by?
- 5 At the village inn fifteen miles off
 There's a merry ball tonight;
 The piercing air is cold as death,
 But her heart is warm and light.
- 6 But, ah, how laughs her beaming eye,
 As a well-known voice she hears,
 And dashing up to the cottage door,
 Young Charles's sleigh appears!
- 7 "O daughter dear," her mother said,
 "This blanket 'round you fold;
 For 'tis a dreadful night abroad,
 And you'll get your death of cold."

⁴For additional texts, see Mackenzie, *Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia*, p. 102; Hughes, *Irish County Songs*, I, 4-6; Combs, *Folk-Songs du Midi des États-Unis*, p. 165; Joyce, *Ancient Irish Music*, p. 21 (fragment and air); Thomas. *Devil's Ditties*, p. 108; JFSS, I, 271. For a list of songsters containing texts, see Mackenzie, *op. cit.*, p. 102, headnote.

8 "Nay, mother, nay," fair Charlotte said,
 And she laughed like a gypsy queen;
 "To ride in blankets muffled up
 I never can be seen."

9 "My silken cloak is quite enough;
 It is lined throughout, you know.
 Besides, I have a silken scarf
 Which 'round my neck I throw."

10 Her gloves were on, her bonnet tied;
 She jumped into the sleigh;
 And away she rode by the mountainside
 And o'er the hills away.

11 There is life in the sound of the merry bells
 As o'er the hills they go;
 What a creaking sound the runners make
 As they bite the frozen snow!

12 With muffled faces, silently,
 O'er five long miles they passed,
 When Charles with these few frozen words
 The silence breaks at last.

13 "Such a night as this I never saw;
 The reins I scarce can hold."
 When Charlotte, shivering, faintly said,
 "I am exceedingly cold."

14 He cracked his whip and urged his team
 More swiftly than before
 Until five other dreary miles
 In silence were passed o'er.

15 "O see," said Charles, "how fast the frost
 Is gathering on my brow!"
 When Charlotte said in a feeble voice,
 "I'm growing warmer now."

16 And on they ride through the frosty air
 And the glittering cold starlight,
 Until at last the village inn
 And the ballroom are in sight.

17 They reached the inn, and Charles jumped out
 And held his arms to her:
 "Why sit you like a monument
 Without the power to stir?"

18 He called her once, he called her twice;
 She answered not a word.
 He called her by her name again,
 But still she never stirred.

19 He took her hand in his—O God!
 'Twas cold and hard as stone!
 He tore the mantle from her brow,
 And on her the cold stars shone.

20 And then into the lighted hall
 Her lifeless form he bore,
 For Charlotte was a frozen corpse
 And words spoke never more.

21 He sat himself down by her side
 And the bitter tears did flow:
 And he said, "My young intended bride
 I never more shall know."

22 He threw his arms around her neck
 And kissed her marble brow,
 And his thoughts ran back to where she said,
 "I'm growing warmer now."

23 He bore her out into the sleigh,
 And with her he drove home;
 And when he reached the cottage door,
 O how her parents mourned!

24 They mourned the loss of their daughter dear,
 While Charles mourned o'er their gloom,
 Until with grief his heart did break
 And they slumber in one tomb.⁵

⁵For texts and additional references, see Brown, p. 12; Cox, p. 286; Finger, p. 119; Flanders and Brown, *Vermont Folk-Songs and Ballads*, p. 35; Gray, *Songs and Ballads of the Maine Lumberjacks*, p. 94; Greenleaf and Mansfield, p. 347; Hudson, *Folksongs of Mississippi*, p. 182; Mackenzie, *Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia*, p. 161; Pound, *American Ballads and Songs*, p. 103; Rickaby, *Ballads and Songs of the Shanty-Boy*, p. 135; Shoemaker, *Mountain Minstrelsy of Pennsylvania*, p. 75; Shoemaker, *North Pennsylvania Minstrelsy*, p. 62; Spaeth, *Weep Some More, My Lady*, pp. 142-3; Cambaire, *East Tennessee and Western Virginia Mountain Ballads*, pp. 110-14; Creighton, *Songs and Ballads from Nova Scotia*; Belden, *Ballads and Songs*, p. 308; Linscott, p. 305; Thompson, *Body, Boots and Britches*, p. 374; Eddy, p. 278; Gardner and Chickering, *Ballads and Songs of Southern Michigan*, p. 126; Brewster, p. 181; *MAFLS*, XXIX, 51; *JAFL*, XXII, 367; XXV, 13; XXVI, 357; XXIX, 191; XXXV, 420, XLVIII, 379; Lomax, *Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads*, p. 239.

A full account of the history of this American song, with texts and tunes, will be found in Barry's articles in *JAFL*, XXII, 367, 442; XXV, 156, and in later comments in *BFSSNE*.

EARLY, EARLY IN THE SPRING

From a MS. in the writer's possession. The copyist has written on the sheet containing this song the date May 18, 1845.

- 1 Early, early in the spring
I went on board to serve my king;
I left my dearie dear behind,
Who had told me her heart was mine.
- 2 As I was sailing o'er the sea,
I took every opportunity
To write love letters to my dear,
But never an answer could I hear.
- 3 Until I came to her father's hall,
Then loud for her I did call.
The old man spake; O he said, said he,
"My daughter is married to a richer man than thee."
- 4 "My daughter is married to serve her life;
Young man, seek out for another wife."
Curse all gold and silver, too,
And all sweethearts that won't prove true!
- 5 When I had her in my arms,
I vow she had ten thousand charms;
Her caresses and kisses, so sweet,
Saying, "We will get married next time we meet."
- 6 But since hard fortune doth on me frown,
I will sail the ocean 'round and 'round;
I'll sail the ocean till I die,
Where lofty waves and bullets fly.
- 7 "Turn back, turn back, young man," said she,
"I'm sure there are handsomer girls than me;
Don't go where the bullets fly;
I'm sure there are handsomer girls than I."
- 8 As I was walking up the street,
I found a letter at my feet,
And on the back of it was wrote
"Love seldom seen is soon forgot."
- 9 Go dig my grave both wide and deep,
And place a stone at my head and feet;
And on my breast, a marker carve
To testify I died of love.

Communicated by Mrs. Margaret Hayden, of Princeton, Gibson County.

THE BRAMBLE BRIAR

Communicated by Mrs. Dora Ward, of Princeton, Gibson County. Known to her as "In Seaport Town."

1 In Seaport Town there lived a rich merchant
Who had two sons and a daughter fair,
And she was courted by a bond servant,
Which caused her parents' hearts to fear.

¹Other texts are to be found in Campbell and Sharp (Karpeles edition), II, 151; Sharp and Marson, *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 70; Hudson, *Folksongs of Mississippi*, p. 155; PTFLS, VII, 151; JAFL, XLIV, 78; Lomax, *Cowboy Songs*, p. 132; Greig, *Folk-Song of the North-East*, ii, art. 128; Logan, *Pedlar's Pack of Ballads*, p. 29; Cox, *Folk Songs of the South*, p. 358; Belden, *Ballads and Songs*, p. 163.

2 One night while they were in the room a-courtin,
 Her youngest brother chanced to hear;
 He ran, he ran unto the other,
 Saying, "A-hunting now us three must go."

3 They hunted over high hills and hollows
 And through some lonesome valley, too;
 They hunted on to a ditch of briers,
 Where her true love they killed and threw.

4 When they returned to their kind sister,
 She kindly asked for the servant man;
 "He's lost, he's lost in the woods a-hunting
 Where you nor no one else can go."

5 She hunted over high hills and hollows
 And through some lonesome valleys, too;
 She hunted on to a ditch of briers,
 Where her true love they had killed and threw.⁷

6
 She stayed with him three days or longer
 Till hunger forced her to go home.

7 When she returned to her two brothers,
 They kindly asked her where she'd been;
 "You bloody murderers, I never can hide it;
 A-hanging now you both shall be."

8 These two young men being afraid of danger
 They went a-sailing over the sea;
 The stormy winds blew over the waters,
 And these young men were cast away.⁸

⁷It will be noted that this text lacks the appearance of the ghost of the murdered lover.

⁸For additional American texts, see Cox, p. 305; Pound, p. 53; *Sewanee Review*, XIX, 222, 321; Cox, *Traditional Ballads, Mainly from West Virginia*, p. 57; Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, p. 161; *PTFLS*, II, 6; Eddy, p. 85; Belden, p. 109; Gardner and Chickering, p. 59; Brewster, p. 193; *JAFL*, XX, 259; XXIX, 168; XXXV, 359; XLV, 49; XLVI, 25. See, for a full discussion, Belden's paper, "Boccaccio, Hans Sachs, and The Bramble Briar" (*PMLA*, XXXIII, 327).

THE IRISH GIRL

Communicated by Mrs. Thomas M. Bryant, of Evansville, Vanderburg County.

- 1 As I walked out one morning
Down by the riverside,
I cast my eyes around me
And an Irish girl I spied.
- 2 How red and rosy were her cheeks,
How curly was her hair,
How costly was the jewelry
That Irish girl did wear!
- 3 The tears came flowing down her cheeks
As she began to cry,
Saying, "My truelove has left me,
And quite forsaken am I!"
- 4 "I wish I was in Ireland,
A-sitting in my chair,
And in my hands a flowing bowl
And by my side my dear."
- 5 "I'd call for port or brandy;
I'd pay the way I'd go;
I'd sail over the deep blue ocean,
Let the winds blow high or low."
- 6 "How hard it is to be in love
And not be loved again;
For love it causes an aching heart;
Did you ever feel that pain?"
- 7 "I wish I was in Dublin
Or some other seaport town;
I'd step my foot on a vessel
And sail the ocean 'round."
- 8 "."
I'd go sailing on the deep,
And would think of my false lover
Before I'd go to sleep."⁹

⁹See Greenleaf and Mansfield, p. 198; Campbell and Sharp (Karpeles edition), II, 254-5; Creighton, *Songs and Ballads from Nova Scotia*, p. 175; Joyce, *Old Irish Folk Music and Songs*, No. 382; Sharp, *Folk-Songs of England*, III, 6-8; Belden, p. 292; JFSS, I, 25, 190; O'Connor, *Irish Come-All-Ye's*, p. 15.

THE LAME SOLDIER

County.
Communicated by Mrs. Oscar Parks, of Deuchars, Crawford County.

- 1 There was a lame soldier in time of the war;
He had a lame leg, and his face wore a scar.
He walked up the streets and damsels so fair
And all in his arms an infant he bear.
- 2 "Pretty Peggy, pretty Peggy, would you agree
To leave your own husband and baby to be,
To leave your own husband and baby to be,
And go with a soldier and sail on the sea?"
- 3 Pretty Peggy, pretty Peggy she did agree
To leave her own husband and baby to be,
To leave her own husband and baby to be,
And go with a soldier and sail on the sea.
- 4 John bridled his horse and away he did ride,
Expecting to meet Peg down by the seaside,
But when he got there it was late in the day,
And Peg and her soldier had sailed far away.
- 5 They had not been sailing more than two weeks or three
Till Peg and her soldier, the two disagreed;
He kicked her and cuffed her and called her "poke weed,"¹⁰
And he bid her adieu to her own countrie.
- 6 When Peg got back it was late in the night,
Because she was ashamed to be seen in daylight;
She crept to her window to listen awhile,
To hear her own husband sing to her dear child.¹¹

¹⁰Unless my memory is playing me false, I have seen somewhere a text in which the erring wife is called "a bold quean." Strange indeed are the ways of folk etymology!

¹¹This may be a version of the old song "Peggy has gone overseas with a soldier," the air of which is given in Ebsworth, *Roxburghe Ballads*, as the air of "The Gosport Tragedy." Cf. JAFL, XLIX, 223. For texts and a discussion of this song and its analogues, see *The Roxburghe Ballads*, II, 475 ff.

THE BATTLE OF STONE RIVER

Communicated by Mrs. Oscar Parks, of Deuchars, Crawford County.

- 1 On New Year's Day we had a fight, and on the day before,
And then we fought right straight along for three or four
days or more.
Old Bragg he called the men to line and told them they must hold
Stone River and the country round or else they were all sold.
- 2 Hardee was in the cedar swamp that lay just on the right;
Our general had his men in line all ready for the fight.
The rebels made a desperate charge on Johnson and his men;
They stood the fire until they drew the rebels from their den.
- 3 When General Johnson saw their force, he told his men to run;
He said it was in vain to fight the rebels ten to one.
• •
- 4 Those selfish villains gave a cheer because they broke our line;
Old Hardy and his staff rode up; says he, "Boys, you're doing
fine."
Our general said it would not do to let the rebels by,
When General Wood swore that he would hold that bloody
ground or die.
- 5 He called upon the Twentieth Brigade to take a bloody stand;
The boys went in with steady nerve, Colonel Harker in com-
mand.
The pioneers went to the front; General Wood was on the right;
With Captain Stokes's battery, they gave them another fight.
- 6 It was then the shot and shell flew thick; the rebels would not
yield
Until our dead and wounded men lay piled upon the field.
When our boys had gained the day, they saw their friends around
All mangled up by shot and shell, lying dead upon the ground.
- 7 The rebels they fell back again, their hearts in sad despair,
Though Bragg soon led them to believe their prospect yet was
fair.
Says he, "My boys, we'll try their left (it was on Friday's
night):
We'll slip around and I'll be bound we'll whip General Van
Cleve."

8 But Rosecrans saw their scheme and understood their plot;
 On reinforcing General Van Cleve, he soon made the rebels
 hot.
 The pioneers again went in, our general in command;
 He rode in front on his gallant steed, with glittering sword
 in hand.

9 Says he, "My boys, press forward on, and give the rebs three
 cheers;
 Hip, hip, hurrah! just see them run! Come on, brave pio-
 neers!"
 I never will forget that scene, the ground all stained with blood,
 While hundreds of our gallant men lay weltering in the mud.

10 Again we drove the butternuts and took a rebel flag,
 The banner of that Tory band, the god of General Bragg.
 But yet the traitors would not yield, although their ranks were
 thin;
 They swore they would not leave the field, and Breckenridge
 rode in.

11 He took advantage of the night, while everything was still,
 And boldly dashed into the fight, and there fell General Sill.
 They found out their sad mistake, that fighting was in vain,
 And faced about and to their heels did take to save their
 treachers brain.

12 In wild confusion they left the ground; Stone River they plunged
 through,
 And never stopped to look around for Yankees as they flew.
 So now the day is ours, my boys, the loss of friends we'll mourn;
 Yet we are the boys who fear no noise although we're far
 from home.

13 Our noble leader Rosecrans we'll all give him three cheers;
 He keeps the rebels in advance of us, the pioneers;
 And if they stop to give us fight, we'll give them a furlough
 And send them down to see their friends they left at Mur-
 freesboro.¹²

THE DUMB WIFE

Communicated by Mrs. J. M. W., of Aurora, Dearborn County.

1 There was a jovial blade
 And he married a country maid,
 And so safely he conducted her home, home, home,
 She was neat in every art
 And she pleased him to the heart,
 But alas, and alas, she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

¹²I have never heard of any other texts of this song, nor have I encountered it in print. Any information regarding it will be gratefully received.

2 A doctor he lived nigh,
 And to him he did apply
 To cure his loving wife of the dumb, dumb, dumb;
 He cut the prattling string
 And her tongue began to ring
 Till it sounded in his ear like a drum, drum, drum.

3 Her tongue began to talk
 And her feet began to walk
 The same as if she'd never been dumb, dumb, dumb;
 She filled the house with strife,
 Made him weary of his life,
 He'd give anything on earth if she were dumb, dumb, dumb.

4 To the doctor he did go
 With his heart so full of woe,
 Saying, "Doctor, O Doctor, I'm undone,—done,—done;
 For my wife she's turned to scold
 And her tongue she will not hold;
 I'd give anything on earth if she were dumb, dumb, dumb."

5 "It is the easiest part
 That belongs to my art
 To make a woman talk that is dumb, dumb, dumb;
 But 'tis past the art of man,
 Let him do whate'er he can,
 To make a scolding woman hold her tongue, tongue, tongue."

(NO TITLE GIVEN)

Communicated by Mrs. Oda Dearing, of Oakland City, Gibson County.

1 O madam, I have a very fine cow;
 She stands in yonder stall;
 And you may have her at your command
 If you will be my bride, bride,
 If you will be my bride.

2 O yes, I know you have a cow
 And she stands in yonder stall,
 But if she gave forty gallons of milk,
 I'm afraid you'd drink it all, all,
 I'm afraid you'd drink it all.

- 3 O madam, I have a very fine farm;
It's eighty acres square,
And you can have it at your own command
If you will be my bride, bride,
If you will be my bride.
- 4 O yes, I know you have a very fine farm
And it's eighty acres square,
But if you were a hog of mine,
I'd turn you out to root, root,
I'd turn you out to root.
- 5 O madam, I have a house and lot,
And it stands in the heart of town;
I'll deed it to you at your command
If you will be my bride, bride,
If you will be my bride.
- 6 I know you have a house and lot,
And it stands in the heart of town,
But before I'd consent to marry you,
I'd rather wed a clown, clown,
I'd rather wed a clown.
- 7 O madam, you are a selfish maid
And very hard to please;
And when you grow old and chill with cold,
I don't care if you freeze, freeze,
I don't care if you freeze.
- 8 O yes, I know I'm a selfish maid
And very hard to please;
But when I grow old and chill with cold,
I won't have you to please, please,
I won't have you to please.

A BACHELOR'S COURTSHIP

Communicated by Mrs. Thomas M. Bryant, of Evansville, Vanderburg County.

- 1 When I was a bachelor bold and young,
I courted the ladies with a flattering tongue;
I told them I'd marry them, but didn't tell 'em when;
The lies that I told them were a hundred and ten.

- 2 On Monday morning I married me a wife,
Hoping I would live a happy life.
I was so happy, so glad and free;
We were just about as happy as a pair could be.
- 3 Tuesday morning she was very gay;
She fiddled and she danced, she danced all day.
Then she began to scold, and with every word
She gave me the worst scolding that ever I've heard.
- 4 Wednesday morning I went to the wood,
Hoping that she might prove good.
I cut me a willow long and green;
I believe it was the keenest one that ever I've seen.
- 5 Thursday morning I whipped her well,
Hoping to send her soul to hell;
Time I was whipping she wouldn't repent;
The time I was whipping was time well spent.
- 6 Friday morning at break of day
On her pillow she did lay;
Along came the devil with a great long chain
And carried her off in a shower of rain.
- 7 Saturday morning at breakfast time
I had no wife to trouble my mind;
My week's work was at an end,
And my black bottle was my best friend.¹⁸

LAUGHING MINNEHAHA

Communicated by Mrs. Thomas M. Bryant, of Evansville, Vanderburg County.

- 1 Cease thy notes, gay Minnehaha;
Let this sad, sad strain prevail;
Listen to a maniac's wandering
As he sighs this mournful tale.
- 2 See yon smoke? That is my dwelling;
That is all I have of home.
Hark! I hear their fiendish yelling
As I homeless, childless, roam.

¹⁸Known also as "The Holly Twig." For other texts, see Campbell and Sharp (Karpeles edition), I, 341; Baring-Gould and Sheppard, *Songs of the West*, 2d ed., No. 117; Hudson, *Folksongs of Mississippi*, p. 174; *JAFL*, XXXIX, 156; *JFSS*, III, 315.

- 3 And there stands my new-bought reaper,
Standing 'mid the ripening grain;
And the cow asks why I leave her
Wandering unmilked on the plain.
- 4 Have they killed my sons and daughters?
Did they find them in the corn?
Go and tell the savage monsters
Not to slay my youngest-born.
- 5 Soldiers, bury her, my Leila;
Place me also 'neath the sod.
Long we've lived and loved together;
Let me die with her, O God!
- 6 Faithful Fido has not left me;
Fido, tell me why
God has thus at once bereft me;
All I ask is here to die.
- 7 But the laughing Minnehaha
Heeded not this mournful tale;
What cared laughing Minnehaha
For the corpses in the vale?

(No TITLE GIVEN)

From a MS. in the writer's possession. The date is given as November 16, 1857.

- 1 Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
Repent, thy end is nigh.
Death, at its farthest, can't be far;
O think before thou die!
- 2 Reflect—thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands thy own account?
- 3 Death enters, and there's no defence;
His time there's none can tell;
In one swift moment he calls thee hence
To Heaven or to Hell.
- 4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,
That, crawling worms consume;
But, ah! Destruction stops not there;
It kills beyond the tomb.

5 Today, the gospel calls today;
 Sinner, it speaks to you.
 Let everyone forsake his way
 And mercy will ensue.

WILLIAM COOK

Communicated by Mrs. Thomas M. Bryant, of Evansville, Vanderburg County.

1 Hark and you will hear a melancholy sound;
 The hour of death now flies swiftly round.
 There's one of our number whose youth in its bloom
 Was called away by death, and now sleeps in his tomb.

2 My parents they taught me, they taught me full well
 How to shun the fallen gates (?) and to shun the gates of hell.
 Their counsel I slighted; my own way I took;
 Remember this young man whose name is William Cook.

3 It grieves me most sorrowfully to think that I must die,
 To hasten away to a long eternity,
 To leave my kind father and mother behind,
 My sister and my brother who proved to be so kind.

* * * * *

4 Come all you young people, wherever you may be,
 Don't place your affections on pride and vanity,
 For fear your dear Jesus might call you too soon,
 And then your morning sun would be darkened at noon.

THE SAILOR BOY

Communicated by Mrs. Dora Ward, of Princeton, Gibson County.

1 "Father, O Father, go build me a boat
 That on the ocean I may float,
 And every ship that I chance to meet
 That I may inquire for my sailor boy so sweet."

2 She had not sailed far over the main
 Till she met a vessel just from Spain;
 "Captain, O Captain, come tell me true;
 Does my sweet sailor boy sail with you?"

3

"On a rocky island as we passed by
There we left your sailor boy to die."

4 She wrung her hands and she tore her hair
Just like some maiden in despair;
She rowed her boat and she stowed her boat
Till she came to the rock where William lay.¹⁴

g County.

THE GRECIAN BENDER

Communicated by Mrs. Aline McKinney Martin, of Petersburg, Pike County. Obtained from her grandfather, Mr. Orion Peed, aged 85, who says that he heard it sung when he was a boy.

- 1 I'm going to sing a little song;
I hope it's no intrusion
To try to drive away the blues
By making an allusion.
- 2 So take it kindly, one and all,
And do not let it tease you.
It's really meaning no offense;
It's only done to please you.
- 3 The fashion I'm going to sing about,
It's bought with legal tender.
You'll see it on the girls' behind;
Its called the Grecian bender.
- 4 Today downstreet I took a walk;
I can't afford to ride, sir;
The Grecian bender came sailing by
With a dandy by her side, sir.
- 5 O her foot slipped up, and down she went
Right on her legal tender;
I would not swear but am almost sure
She bruised her Grecian bender.

¹⁴This is a fragment of the English song "Sweet William, or, The Sailor Boy." English versions will be found in Greig, *Folk-Song of the North-East*, lxiv; Broadwood and Maitland, *English County Songs*, p. 74; JFSS, I, 99; JIFSS, XVII, 18. For New World texts, see Campbell and Sharp (Karpeles edition), II, 84; Cox, p. 353; Pound, p. 42, 69; Scarborough, *A Song Catcher in Southern Mountains*, p. 319; Stone, *Sea Songs and Ballads*, p. 174; Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, p. 188; Henry, *Songs Sung in the Southern Appalachians*, p. 177; Creighton, *Songs and Ballads from Nova Scotia*, p. 89; Belden, p. 186; Eddy, p. 97; Brewster, p. 269; JAFL, XXIX, 199; XXX, 363; XXXI, 170; XXXV, 410; XL, 80.

From a MS. in the possession of Mrs. Thomas M. Bryant, of Evansville, Vanderburg County. "Written by Melvina Evans, 1884."

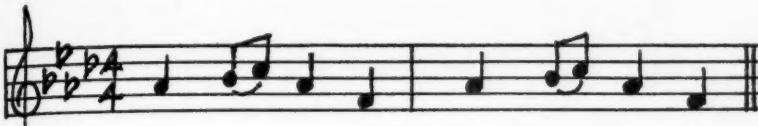
- 1 I'll sing a little bitty song
(I hope it's no intrusion)
To try to drive away the blues
By making an allusion.
- 2 O take it kindly one and all,
And do not let it tease you;
It's really meaning no offense,
And only sung to please you.
- 3 The fashion I will sing about,
They are bought with legal tender,
You'll see them on the girls' behind,
They are called the Grecian bender.
- 4 The gentlemen, too, they call them "gills,"
And they are all of that sir,
A-promenading down the street,
A feather in their hat, sir.
- 5 With pants so tight they can't sit down,
It's really worth a treat, sir,
A Grecian bender on their heads
And sixteen on their feet, sir.

The following songs were used in the schools of Indiana in pioneer days for teaching geography, the alphabet, and the sounds of the vowels. As Mrs. Bess V. Ehrman, of Rockport, Spencer County, writes: "In Indiana in pioneer days our schools were called 'blab' schools because the pupils were made to study 'out loud' or say their lessons over in a loud voice. In geography they would sing the lessons, and the verse I send was given me by a pioneer woman and I have had my pageant school classes sing it."

Maine; Augusta, on the Kennebec River:
New Hampshire; Concord, on the Connecticut River:
Massachusetts; Boston, on the Boston Harbor:
Connecticut; Hartford and also New Haven:
Rhode Island; Providence and also Newport:
New York; Albany, on the Hudson River:
Pennsylvania; Harrisburg, on the Susquehanna.

In another "geography" song only the state and its capital are given, the phrase locating the latter being omitted.

Evansville,
 Communicated by Mrs. Inez Lysle Johnson, of Mount Vernon, Posey County.
 Obtained from the singing of her father, Mr. James Williams, for more than
 thirty years a teacher in the public schools of that county.



Maine; Au-gus-ta: Maine; Au-gus-ta:

Similar to the "Map of States" is the "County Map of Indiana." In the latter the counties and their county-seats are named in the same manner as the states and capitals of the preceding song.

Fragment and air contributed by Mrs. Inez L. Johnson.

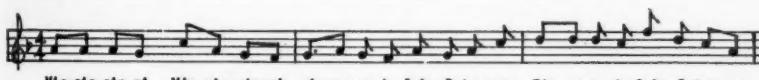


Steuben County; An-go-la: Steuben County; An-go-la:
 Lagrange Cou-h-ty; La-grange: Lagrange Coun-ty; La-grange:

Still another geography song is "Mississippi River." This song lists in order all the states that border on the Mississippi; beginning at its source and ending at the Gulf.

days for
 . Bess V.
 days our
 study 'out
 sing the
 have had

Fragment and air contributed by Mrs. Inez L. Johnson.



Mis-sis-sip-pi, Mis-sis-sip-pi, ris-es up in Lake I-tas-ca, Ris-es up in Lake I-tas-ca



and flows south.

An idea as to the nature of the "vowel song" may perhaps be best conveyed by quoting from a letter of Mr. Thomas J. Wilson, of Corydon, Harrison County, to Mrs. M. M. Roberts, of 666 38th Street, Louisville, Kentucky, who kindly sent it on to me.

"The oldtime song to memorize the vowels was for the first time heard by me in the winter of 1882-3 at a monthly teachers' meeting (township institute) in Spencer township, this county. It was sung by an older teacher, Dr. Isaac Neely, or Neely, as a

sample of song method for vowels, and as a survivor of songs covering names of all state capitals and also names of all states. I should judge from his remarks and by statements of others that it must have been in fairly general use in this end of the state as recently as seventy or eighty years ago . . . I am unable to give you the tune, as my education in music is 'nil', but you may be able to set the simple words to the music, or rhythm rather. Thus it runs, being the use of all the consonants with the five principal vowels, with 'sometimes y' omitted:

B-a, bay; b-e, be; b-i, biddy bi; b-o, bo, biddy bi bo;
b-u, bu, biddy bi bo bu, A E I O U

continuing

C-a, cay; c-e, ce, c-i, city ci; c-o, co, city ci co;
c-u, cu, city ci co cu, A E I O U

and on down through the consonants, ending with z

Z-a, za; z-e, ze; z-i, zitty zi; z-o, zo, zitty zi zo;
z-u, zu, zitty zi zo zu, A E I O U

I thought it great fun, and many a night did I and the members of the Dellinger family, near Ramsey, Indiana, sit by the big fireplace and sing this at the top of our voices and munch apples and walnut kernels, throwing cores and hulls into the roaring fire, and then make a run of cold nights for the unheated rooms upstairs and jump into the feather bed. "Them wuz the happy days!"

Communicated by Mrs. Inez L. Johnson, of Mount Vernon.

The musical notation consists of a single staff with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The staff has ten measures. The lyrics are placed below the staff. The first measure contains four eighth notes. The second measure contains three eighth notes. The third measure contains four eighth notes. The fourth measure contains three eighth notes. The fifth measure contains four eighth notes. The sixth measure contains three eighth notes. The seventh measure contains four eighth notes. The eighth measure contains three eighth notes. The ninth measure contains four eighth notes. The tenth measure contains three eighth notes. The lyrics are: Bee-a-bay, bee-a-bee, bee-i-by bit-a bi-bo, bee-u-bu, bit-a bi-bu A I O.

University of Missouri.

THE CANTE FABLE IN DECAY¹

by
Herbert Halpert

American collectors of folktales from the indigenous white population have recorded few versions of the *cante fable*, the tale interspersed with song. Even traces of the *cante fable*, such as tales in which rhymes are imbedded, are scanty.

Mr. Joseph Jacobs, in a note to "Childe Rowland" in his *English Fairy Tales*,² points out how common are such traces abroad by referring not only to his English collection but to the tales in Chambers' *Popular Rhymes of Scotland* to the Grimms' *Household Tales* and to a variety of others from France to India. He suggests that "there seems to be a great probability that originally all folk-tales of a serious character were interspersed with rhyme, and took therefore the form of the *cante fable*."³ Miss A. G. Gilchrist refers to this statement and comments that there can be little doubt "that the interspersed verses in folk-tales were originally—and should properly be—sung, not recited."

In America we do have a rich representation of the form in the negro folktales collected in this country and the Bahamas by Elsie Clews Parsons and in Jamaica by Walter Jekyll and Martha Beckwith.⁴

I think it is fair to assume that the popularity of the form with English-speaking negroes is due to a joint cause: not only that, as Miss Beckwith has shown, the pattern is well known in Africa,⁵ but

¹ This is a revision of one section of a paper read at the 1940 meeting of the Southeastern Folklore Society in Lexington, Va. At that time Prof. Ralph S. Boggs suggested certain amplifications. The author has greatly benefited by Prof. Stith Thompson's criticism of the revised paper. The following abbreviations are used: *JAFL*, *The Journal of American Folk-Lore*; *JFSS*, *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*; *MAFLS*, *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*; *PFLS*, *Publications of the Folk-Lore Society*; *PMLA*, *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*; *SFQ*, *SOUTHERN FOLKLORE QUARTERLY*; Type, Aarne-Thompson, *The Types of the Folk-Tale* (*Folklore Fellows Communications*, No. 74). When this paper was prepared, I was working under a research grant from the American Council of Learned Societies—for which I wish to express here my deep appreciation.

² Second Edition, Revised. New York and London, 1893, p. 242.

³ *JFSS*, II (1906), p. 297.

⁴ See: Parsons, *Folk-Lore of the Sea Islands, South Carolina* (*MAFLS*, XVI), *Folk-Tales of Andros Island, Bahamas* (*MAFLS*, XIII), and the important list of Miss Parsons' articles given by Boggs, *JAFL*, XLVII, 327; Jekyll, *Jamaican Song and Story* (*PFLS*, LV); Beckwith, *Jamaica Anansi Stories* (*MAFLS*, XVII), and "The English Ballad in Jamaica: A Note Upon the Origin of the Ballad Form", *PMLA*, XXXIX, 455-483.

⁵ *PMLA*, XXXIX, 459 ff.

also that, as seems quite likely, it was a British folktale pattern and one that would be adopted even more readily than the ballad. Our folksong collectors have demonstrated quite thoroughly that English ballads and other folksongs are, and have been, in oral circulation among negroes.

Why do we not have more versions of *cante fables* recorded from areas that have produced rich collections of folksongs? I suggest two answers. The simplest is that it is a result of conditions of collecting. Our folksong specialists have generally not bothered to inquire for tales, and the folktale collectors are not often likely to think of inquiring specifically for stories with songs in them.

Moreover, concentration of interest of American folklorists on the ballad has brought it about that nearly all scholarly discussion of the *cante fable* in this country has been concerned with its relation to the origin of the ballad form, particularly as it applies to the story of *The Golden Ball* and the ballad of *The Maid Freed from the Gallows* (Child no. 95).⁶

The second reason we do not have more versions may be that frequently the few remaining traces of the *cante fable* form are so corrupt as to be almost unrecognizable.

Before proceeding with a detailed discussion of the latter point, we should make clear that the term *cante fable* as used here, refers only to forms of the folktale, and not to the highly sophisticated literary form of *Aucassin et Nicolette*, the only specimen "of French literature in the Middle Ages which is composed of verse and music and prose, and . . . is rightly called unique."⁷ For a highly interesting study of the literary backgrounds of this form one should refer to Reinhard's article,⁸ which also summarizes scholarly discussion of the *cante fable* form. Dr. Reinhard makes the point that the medieval author rarely had the learning to draw on oriental, Celtic or Old Norse literature, but could get his form from Graeco-Roman tradition. Whatever may have been true of the literary *cante fable*, there is little doubt that in the oral tale the *cante fable* has had a long history, for it appears in the folktale collections of nearly every country. Might it not also be possible, though Dr. Rein-

⁶ See Beckwith, *PMLA*, XXXIX, op. cit. For references on the Child No. 95—"golden ball" discussion see the headnote to the ballad in H. M. Belden's *Ballads and Songs: Collected by the Missouri Folk Lore Society* (*The University of Missouri Studies*, XV), p. 66.

⁷ John R. Reinhard, "The Literary Background of the Chantefable", *Spectrum: A Journal of Medieval Studies*, I, p. 157.

⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 157 ff.

hard has made no such suggestion, that the *cante fable* form was then current in folk tradition and even more available to the medieval author?

For my purposes Miss Beckwith's description of the Jamaican tales is most adequate:

The stories contain, or usually turn upon, a song which either belongs to the dialogue or is used as an ejaculation. Often its use becomes more dramatic by putting it into the lips of a fiddler or of a singing bird; but whether so presented or not, it is always there to emphasize an emotional moment and express a wish, call, or magical formula; and its repetition from time to time in the story gives the song the value of a chorus or refrain.⁹

As we can gather from this description, the song is often the dramatic core of the story. Therefore, after the story itself has lost significance or has even dropped out, it is not surprising if occasionally all that remains in folk tradition from the *cante fable* is the song or verse. Of course, in many types of tales the story and the form are found intact, but what is difficult is to recognize the *cante fable* form in the traces left in some local folk rhymes and a few riddle tales.

The following rhyme, reported by a New York City informant,¹⁰ was used by farm laborers in Minnesota about 1898:

Biscuit and whey—
Loaf on the hay.
Ham and eggs—
Look out for your legs!

The workmen suggest, of course, they would do so much better work on the latter diet; that it would be dangerous to be in the paths of their scythes. A close parallel to this with its recommendation that poor food doesn't make good work while good food makes mowers almost dangerously active, is this rhyme from Cumberland on "mowers' victuals":

Tea and whay (whey) a feckless day,
An' willn't pay I'll bet a crown;
But beef and breid have at thy heid,
An' good strong yal, an' I'll swash thee down.¹¹

⁹ *PMLA*, XXXIX, 458.

¹⁰ Miss Mary McFadden.

¹¹ G. F. Northall, *English Folk-Rhymes*, London, 1892, p. 511 f.

The two rhymes just cited are not accompanied by any narrative, but in a recent English group of folktales collected by E. M. Wilson,¹² we find a version of the same rhymed complaint still imbedded in a story, the whole in the form of a *cante fable*. The tale runs somewhat as follows:

A farmer had mowing that had to be done. He got some men to work for him but his greedy wife gave them only curds and whey for breakfast. Work did not progress quickly enough and the farmer overheard the men singing (to a slow two-tone melody) :

"Curds and whey, Iv-ve-ry day.
Curds and whey, Iv-ve-ry day."

Next morning he saw to it that they got a large dish of ham and eggs. The farmer found them at work after breakfast "goin' like a steam engine", and listening behind a hedge he heard them chanting rapidly :

" 'Am an' eggs, mind thi legs
'Am an' eggs, mind thi legs."

A second rhyme from Minnesota was said to be a "chant of farm laborers to promote better meals":

The Lord be praised
But I'm amazed
To see how things are mended.
Apple sauce and pumpkin pie
When puddin' and milk were intended.¹³

In this form, it, like its fellow, is merely a broad humorous hint. In a variant of it which Mrs. Fannie H. Eckstorm has collected in Maine, it is, on the contrary, part of the humorous tradition concerning

"an old Revolutionary soldier, Hatevil Colson, locally known as 'Hatey Co'son'. . . . Hatey lived by his wits; on one occasion he had asked food and lodging of a householder and was watching a simple meal being prepared, when, unexpectedly, the minister came. The table was reset, a choicer meal prepared, at which Hatey took his place with the rest and repeated 'grace':

'Oh Lord be praised, I am amazed
To see things so quick amended;
(Roast pork and pies) delight my eyes
When (mush and milk) were intended!'"¹⁴

¹² *Folk-Lore*, XLIX (1938), p. 279.

¹³ Also from Miss Mary McFadden.

¹⁴ *Bulletin of the Folk-Song Society of the Northeast*, No. 3 (1931), p. 19.

Mrs. Eckstorm goes on to say that "perhaps it was not original with Hately Co'son; at any rate he had no copyright on it", and she also gives a variant reported as used by another local Maine poet under other circumstances.

It seems safe to say that the rhyme is a traditional one, and probably of English provenience. But I want to stress this use of the rhyme as the climax of a tale. This may be merely a local tradition, but I would suspect otherwise.¹⁵ Making the minister's visit an occasion for display is a widespread theme for humorous tales in this country but, more significantly, it is related to the anti-clerical theme in many European tales from Boccaccio to the Brothers Grimm—and on down.

Localization in folklore—the wedding of individual folksongs, rhymes and tales to particular localities and definite individuals—is a well-known process, but one of which students and collectors must constantly be aware in order to recognize traditional forms in local guises. The following, I was told was "an old rhyme that's been going around about a hundred years. My grandmother used to say it—as a joke":

Sammy G. Wright,
We bid you good night,
We're sorry we can't stay longer;
So we'll take twenty-one geese
At a penny a piece,
And finish the amount with the gander.

The rhyme and the information were given me in 1937 by Harry Grover of Cassville, Ocean County, New Jersey.

I was immediately interested and began to investigate. A county history compiled some fifty years before contained some one's remark that "Samuel G. Wright once owned Federal furnace."¹⁶ Now bog-iron furnaces in South Jersey stopped working before 1850. In 1845, the Hon. William A. Newell "was urged to accept nomination to Congress to fill the unexpired term of Samuel G. Wright, deceased. . . ."¹⁷ Taking these facts together, it seemed very likely that about a hundred years ago Mr. Wright did have the misfortune both of losing his geese and of having his troubles retailed by a local rhymster.

¹⁵ Editor's Note: For other instances of the same kind of "reduction" of the cante fable, see R. S. Boggs, "North Carolina White Folktales and Riddles", JAFL, XLVII (1934), pp. 304-305; and Thos. B. Stroup, JAFL, XLVII (1934), pp. 380-381.

¹⁶ Edwin Salter, *History of Monmouth and Ocean Counties, New Jersey*, p. 280.

In looking through A. S. Harvey's *Ballads, Songs and Rhymes of East Anglia*¹⁸ I came on one said to be "current at the time of Kett's rebellion":

Mr. Pratt, your sheep are very fat,
And we thank you for that.
We have left you the skins to pay for your wife's pins,
And you must thank us for that.

Now although the patterns of the two rhymes have much in common, the English one has the added twist of leaving part of the booty behind as a jest. Even the final quip was paralleled in another New Jersey variant of the first rhyme which I heard given with even more specific detail and with the following historical note:

This was true. Sammy G. Wright had six geese and one gander. One night a crowd of fellows stole his six geese, and left six pennies in a little silk bag tied around the gander's neck, with this rhyme:

Sammy G. Wright,
I bid you good night,
I leave you here to wonder.
I bought your geese
For a penny a piece,
And left the pay with the gander.¹⁹

To be sure, both of the American rhymes differ sufficiently in subject and rhyme from the English to be very creditable as a local invention. Their rhythm is certainly better. It was therefore quite a surprise to find in T. W. Talley's *Negro Folk Rhymes*²⁰ a rhyme called "Page's Geese":

Ole man Page'll be in a turble rage,
W'en he find out, it'll raise his dander.
Yankee soldiers bought his geese, fer one cent a-piece,
An' sent de pay home by de gander.

The editor gives with it this explanatory footnote:

The Northern soldiers during the Civil War took all of a Southern planter's geese except one lone gander. They put one penny, for each goose taken, into a small bag, and tied this bag around the gander's neck. They then sent him home to his owner with the pay of one penny for each goose taken. The Negroes of the community at once made up this little song.²¹

¹⁷ William Nelson, *New Jersey Coast in Three Centuries*, Chicago, 1902, Vol. 2, p. 249.

¹⁸ Norwich and London, n.d., p. 153.

¹⁹ Informant, Oscar Havens, New Egypt, Ocean County, N. J.

²⁰ New York, 1922, p. 102.

²¹ *Ibid.*, p. 102.

The hypothesis of local invention was obviously incorrect. The similarity between Talley's footnote and the previous local story, as well as between the rhymes, makes it apparent that we have here localized forms of a folktale. If "this little song" was actually sung, its relation to the *cante fable* would be even clearer. Unfortunately, neither for this nor for the Minnesota rhyme given earlier which was said to be a "chant of farm laborers", can we be sure that there was music.

Assuming that rhymes like the foregoing were often originally part of a story, we have seen in several examples how the rhyme itself is all of the story that is told while the narrative details are relegated to a purely informative function and may or may not be given—depending largely on whether the collector asks for elucidation of the rhyme.

This dislocation of the *cante fable* pattern in which, to use Miss Beckwith's apt phrase, the stories "usually turn upon a song" finds a counterpart in what happens to certain forms of rhymed riddles, in which the riddle is prefaced by a story and the answer, also in prose, follows. Here, first, is a variation of the well known "Samson riddle" collected in New Jersey which does not have such a dislocation:

An old slave, his master told him if he could tell him a riddle he couldn't guess, he'd give him his freedom. The old master he figured the old slave didn't know any riddles, only what he heared hisself. So the slave went out and when he came in, he had a new one he'd made up hisself. And the slave he told him:

"As I walked out and in again,
From the dead the living came.
Six there is and seven there'll be,
So tell me this riddle or set me free."

The old master give it up. He couldn't guess what it was. And he told the slave, "Now if you give me the answer to that riddle, I'll give you your freedom." The slave told him, "There's a horse's head out there on a stake, and a bird's nest into it with six young birds and one egg."²²

²² Informant, Charles Grant, New Egypt, Ocean County, N. J. For variants see Type 927. Add: *JAFL*, XXXII, 390; XXXIV, 30; XXXV, 111; XXXVIII, 228 and 285, no. 57; *XL*, 285, no. 93-5; *XLVII*, 78, 324, and 387; *XLVIII*, 197. *MAFLS*, XVI, 158, no. 38; XVII, 202, no. 182; XVIII, 175, no. 2688; XXIV, 140. Also: *SFQ*, I, No. 3, p. 40, no. 54; *Folk-Say: A Regional Miscellany*, 1930, p. 233; A. P. Hudson, *Specimens of Mississippi Folk-Lore*, p. 132; H. M. Hyatt, *Folk-Lore from Adams County, Illinois*, p. 657; Gutch and Peacock, *Examples of Printed Folk-Lore Concerning Lincolnshire (PFLS*, LXIII), pp. 400 and 403; M. E. Leather, *The Folk-Lore of Herefordshire*, pp. 178-79; E. E. Gardner, *Foldlore from the Schoharie Hills, New York*, p. 252 (see note for additional references).

The story formula in the foregoing is "correct"; that is, the story turns on the rhyming portion, but in another New Jersey variant this simple form was not preserved.

My informant, Stacy Bozarth, of Buddtown in Burlington County, and I were sitting on the porch of his house and he was giving me riddles to answer. After a number of standard riddles he presented this one:

"As I walked out and in again,
From the dead the livin' came.
Six there is and seven will be,
And five will set this lady free."

As he expected, I admitted it was beyond me, and he said:

"That's a little bit of a wren bird buildin' in the
skeleton of a dead horse's head. Six out—and the other
one was pipped."

I declared I couldn't see any way of finding meaning in this riddle. Mr. Bozarth then made this comment in explanation:

"This girl was goin' to get a big prize if she could
tell 'em a riddle they couldn't guess."

This is perhaps the clearest example of the relegation of the remnant of a story to a position in which it is almost unrelated to the rhymed portion.

In my next two examples, which are of a riddle tale wide spread both in this country and in England, we have a somewhat parallel situation. The rhyme is given in the correct riddle position, that is, the riddle is presented first and then the answer. The result is curious in that the answer, which is an abbreviated portion of a larger story, overbalances the story itself.

Charles Grant who gave me the first variant, said:

Mrs. Lemon used to tell us this:

"Where was I last Saturday night?
The wind did blow,
The cock did crow,
The limb did shake,
My heart did quake
To see what a hole a fox did make."

The answer to that was: a man was going to way-lay another man and kill him. And he was diggin' a hole to put him into, and this fellow was up a tree

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watchin' him dig a hole. This fellow what he was goin'
to kill was up the tree watchin' him!²³

A second form of this riddle tale with a similarly distorted pattern was given me by Mrs. Lydia Gyderson of Mt. Holly, N. J.:

"Come riddle, come riddle, come riddle, come right,
Where was I last Friday night?
The wind it blew, the cock it crew,
I looked for one and there come two.
They dug a pit in under me,
And kivered it over with green ivry."

The answer given for this was:

She climb a tree and was there all the while while they was waitin' for her to come. They was gonna kill her and bury her there—both of them, and she stayed in the tree till they went away. She let them get good and away 'fore she got down. They didn't know she was in the tree.²⁴

The answer given for both variants of this riddle gives the story almost as if it were required information; in them the rhyme which should be the climax of the story, has lost its dramatic use.

A version of this riddle tale in which the riddle is *sung* as the dramatic climax has been published in England by Mr. Frank Kidson.²⁵ This is especially noteworthy as evidence that the riddle tale occasionally does have the complete *cante fable* form, the *song* as well as the pattern.

It seems worth while to review the results of this brief investigation. We have first to note the age and wide distribution of the *cante fable* form. Tales with interspersed verse are found not only in the great collections such as *The Panchatantra* and *The Thousand-And-One-Nights*, but in folktale collections from all over Europe. We also find this pattern displayed in the riddle tale, in which the riddle

²³ Mrs. Gyderson, aged 95, learned it when a girl near Long Eddy, N. Y.

²⁴ For additional references see: Type 955; Gutch and Peacock, *op. cit.*, p. 326 (and reference on p. 325); J. O. Halliwell, *Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales*, pp. 49-50; G. F. Northall, *English Folk-Rhymes*, pp. 535-5. JAFL, II, 103; XXX, 184; XXXV, 112; XXXVIII, 252 and 372; XL, 284; XLIV, 116; XLVII, 84 and 323. Also: SFQ, I, No. 3, pp. 228-9; Hyatt, *op. cit.*, p. 661 and fragment on p. 662; G. B. Johnson, *Folk Culture on St. Helena Island*, p. 159. Other variants and notes are in JFSS, II, pp. 297-9. On page 299 Miss Gilchrist points out the affinity of this riddle tale to "Mr. Fox", the English version of Grimm's "The Robber Bridegroom". For American variants of the tale form see JAFL, XXXVIII, 360 and Gardner, *op. cit.*, p. 146 ff (with references and discussion).

depends on the dramatic situation for its meaning. It seems probable that in both types the rhyme was originally sung rather than recited.

When the *cante fable* is found undistorted, as in the collection of the Grimms, the interspersed verse or song usually is the dramatic core of the tale. Frequently it is the most memorable part. It is quite likely that for many story tellers remembering the song will often prove "the key to recall the whole story."²⁶ But occasionally, as in *Faust* where Margaret sings the song from the tale of "The Juniper Tree," the independent use of the song requires a footnote to explain the reference. In effect, this is what seems to happen to the *cante fable* in a state of decline: the poetical section survives after the explanatory framework either is gone, or, if it does remain, has become essentially a footnote given when asked for.

We can safely assume the *cante fable* was well known in England. Although search by collectors in this country would undoubtedly uncover well-integrated *cante fables*, we have on the whole mostly these survivals of the form which still retain unmistakable connection with English originals. The rhymes themselves persist, often after the original situation has been forgotten or become unintelligible and sometimes, indeed, have taken on local forms and new meanings.

Indiana University.

²⁵ *JFSS*, II, pp. 297 f.

²⁶ *JAFL*, XXXIV, p. 41.

BOOK REVIEWS

Folk-Songs of Roanoke and the Albemarle. By Louis W. Chappell. The Ballad Press, Morgantown, W. Va. 1939. Pp. 203. \$3.00.

The tidewater region of Roanoke Island and the Albemarle Sound in eastern North Carolina is one of the oldest sections of the state. The local whites are almost wholly of colonial British descent and, according to Mr. Chappell, "through their contact with the negro as slave and freedman have a kinship with him, through his borrowed culture." The book is devoted to songs collected from white singers: 120 texts and additional variants, and 64 tunes. Mr. Chappell began gathering the songs in 1924; a number of melodies—chiefly of religious songs—were recorded on disks in 1938.

The songs are grouped in six sections: "British Ballad Survivals" (with 20 Child versions), "Sea Ballads and Songs (for the most part not true Sea Chanteys)", "Other Ballads and Songs" (a rather miscellaneous group including such items as *The Oyster Girl*), "Nell Cropsie Songs and Others" (with seven versions of the North Carolinian ballad about Nellie Cropsie, another of those unfortunate females done in by their lovers), "Religious Songs" (White Spiritual tunes and texts), and "Other Songs."

It is too bad that Mr. Chappell, who knows the region and the singers intimately, does not give us some of the background of the songs, or more discussion. The sections are introduced by telegraphically brief comments which leave one in the dark about the reasons for the rather variegated contents in some of the groups. The last for instance includes, in addition to humorous and animal songs, recent American ballads and sentimental songs not of pure folk origin—types already represented in previous groups.

The large number of melodies is most welcome, as is the notation of several stanzas of the music where recording on disks made this feasible. The texts on the whole do not fall below the standards of Southern versions, but the melodic material is curiously disappointing. Some tunes are worn down (e.g. no. 15, *Maid Freed from the Gallows*), are on the way to losing their modal character (no. 18, *The Demon Lover*), or to losing their full form (the tune of no. 79 is merely half of an older melody).

This is valuable and interesting material, and important as a cross-section of the song-lore of the region. The layman might have welcomed a little more guidance; Mr. Chappell, perhaps in a desire to avoid making the little volume pretentious, leaves the task of digesting it entirely to the reader.

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Studien zur Wortsilbenstatistik der Älteren Estnischen Volkslieder,
by Walter Anderson. Tartu, 1935. Pp. 232. (Commentationes
Archivi Traditionum Popularum Estoniae, no. 2.)

Professor Anderson, suspecting that the above title might not be altogether indicative of the contents, explains that he is investigating the question as to "wie die acht bis zehn Silben, aus denen der Vers der älteren estnischen (und finnischen) Volkslieder besteht, sich auf die einzelnen Worte des Verses statistisch verteilen."

That there are certain regularities in regard to the distribution of syllables in the primitive folksong has already been established by Finnish and Estonian investigators; three limitations are generally recognized:

- 1) No line may end with a monosyllable.
- 2) A single word of four syllables cannot be used to fill the third and fourth feet.
- 3) A line of nine syllables must not begin with a word of three or more syllables, nor may a line of ten syllables begin with a word of four or more syllables.

Professor Anderson's first object is to look for laws hitherto undiscovered which might explain why so many verse patterns mathematically possible occur so rarely or not at all. Are words of five and six syllables, for example, subject to as strict rules as the shorter ones?

This project suggests a second one: to discover which are the most frequently occurring of the possible verse types and to calculate their relative incidence in a given body of edited source material.¹ From these data is fashioned a "Wortsilbenspektrum" valid for the whole range of ancient Estonian poetry. The model for such a procedure, says Professor Anderson, is to be found in the studies of the German mathematician and philosopher, Moritz Wilhelm Drobisch, who subjected the Greek and Latin hexameters to the same scrutiny.²

The third project, although still heavy with statistics, would probably have a little more fascination for most: to determine whether the old Estonian folksong was sung with a word-stress or a metric accent. Apparently both accents are used by the modern singer (the metric accent is required in the schools by legislative edict), but the question of accent in the primitive song has hitherto been unanswered. In attempting a solution, Professor Anderson compares syllable quantities with those of the Finnish folksong, whose accent has long been recognized as metric. In these, the long (or closed) tonic syllables of the words almost invariably coincide with the verse accents, while the short (open) tonic syllables are to be found in the unstressed portions of the line. Professor Anderson argues that if

¹ *Vana kannel* ('Old Harp'). A complete collection of old Estonian folksongs, edited by Dr. Jakob Hurt, Tartu, 1886.

² *Berichte üb. d. Verhandlungen d. Kön. Sächs. Ges. d. Wissenschaften zu Leipzig*, XVIII (1866), 75-139; XX (1868), 16-65, 138-160.

he finds such an arrangement of syllables to fit the trochaic tetrameter line, the old Estonian folksong must have been scanned rather than recited.

In drawing his conclusions Professor Anderson confirms, in his first project, the verse laws already established and makes observations concerning other tendencies:

1) The first half-verse is sung "staccato," while the second is rendered "legato" (this is deduced from the predominance of short words in the first half-line).

2) Words of five and six syllables tend to fall in the last verse foot and are usually compounds.

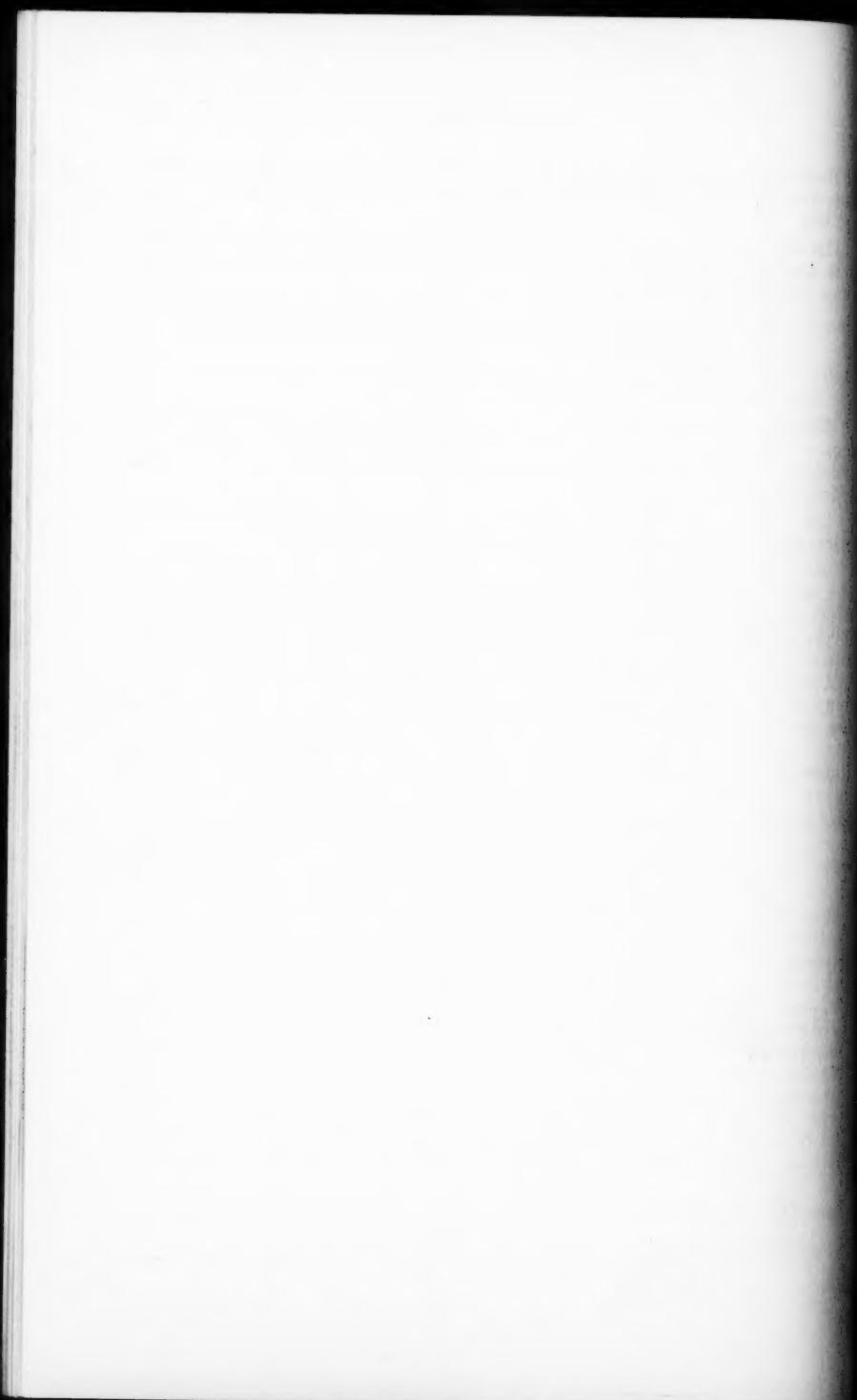
The most frequently occurring verse types, according to the findings of the second project, the "Wortsilbenspektrum," are 224 (2 syllables + 2 syllables + 4 syllables) and 2222 (four words of two syllables each).

The third project, the solution of the scansion question, yields evidence overwhelmingly in favor of the metric accent.

Professor Anderson is to be congratulated for his deft handling of a welter of statistics, but one cannot help wondering if such a great effort was necessary. The more important conclusions, such as those involving meter, might conceivably have been reached by less arduous means, in which the possibility of error would have been less. The fact remains, however, that Professor Anderson has cleared up a number of questions about which scholars had been in doubt. This is a meritorious contribution in itself.

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